National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND PRESIDENT LINCOLN CONTRASTED.

From The Richmond Dispatch of Sept. 18.

THERE have been for some weeks continual rumors of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between these potentates. We know not what truth there may be in these rumors, but if identity of position and congeniality of taste be in any wise promotive of such alliances as that in question, we should regard it as the most probable thing in the world. Alexander, with all the pomp and circumstance of boundless power, is but a splendid semi-barbarian after all. Abraham has had no opportunity to become civilized, having spent the best part of his life among flat-boatmen, or splitting rails and drinking whiskey on shore. Alexander, in his instructions to Count Mouravieff, governor of the Lithuanian provinces—not the gallant officer who captured Kars, but a distant relation—directs him "to acquaint the peasants with the paternal intentions of the Czar toward them, and to demonstrate that the landholders are their enemies and oppressors." Abraham issues a proclamation denouncing all slaveholding, and informing the negroes that their masters are their natural enemies. Mouravieff is directed to furnish the peasants with arms, that they may slaughter the landowners. Abe's officers are directed to form the negroes into regiments and battalions. Alexander directs Mouravieff to proceed with the greatest rigor against the Catholic clergy. Abe's officers imprison the Catholic clergy, no doubt by his directions, whenever they suspect them of a feeling in favor of the confederacy. Mouravieff is directed to have a list of the suspected clergy. Butler had a similar list and was applauded by Abe. Alexander directs Mouravieff to pursue the most energetic measures against the Catholics. Doubtless Abraham directed Butler to do the same, or at least never reproved him for the outrages he perpetrated upon that class of what he thought fit to call offenders. Alexander directs the chief of the rebels to be shot if they are taken. Abraham's friends boast that he means to hang President Davis and General Lee. Alexander directs Mouravieff to "adopt measures against families having friends in the ranks of the insurgents." The policy of Abraham in this respect is identical.

In the barbarous acts which have followed in Poland and the Confederate States, the instructions of their respective chiefs, there is a striking resemblance. The Cossacks slaughtered the wounded after the battle of Mirapol, until becoming tired of their exertion they buried them while still alive. The Yankees permitted our wounded men to lie for days upon the field of Gettysburg without succor whereby they perished by scores. If a man gives a glass of water to the Polish insurgent prisoners he is sent to Siberia. If a man offers a Confederate soldier a segar he is sent to Fort Delaware. The Russians dig out the eyes of their prisoners, fill the sockets with alcohol and set it on fire. The Yankees immure their prisoners in filthy dungeons, like the hole of Calcutta, and leave them to die of suffocation. The Russians flog the Polish women. The Yankees shoot the Confederate women. The partisans of Russia in Poland induced a party of Poles to lay aside their arms under the pretense of friendship and murdered them all. The Yankees violate a solemn cartel, and keep their prisoners in their filthy jails, in violation of their pledged faith. The Russian authorities hold a man's wife and children responsible for him. The Yankee General, McNeil, murders ten men because one missing man cannot be found, and a few days after the missing is found. Mouravieff boasts of having shot one Catholic priest and imprisoned a number of others. At Vicksburg the soldiers entered the church, carried off the vessels, desecrated the premises, and insulted the priest, who is still in imminent danger. The Russian officers encourage the peasants to murder the landowners. The Yankee officers encourage the negroes to murder their masters. Numbers of persons have been murdered by the peasants in Lithuania. A whole family was murdered by the negroes in Tennessee.

But it is unnecessary to push the parallel further. It is natural that brutes should sympathize, and that Abe and Alexander should form a "holy alliance" against civilization. They are both engaged in the congenial task of destroying a brave people, and both rule over a race of abject slaves. Nowhere on earth, save in Russia, can the Yankees find sympathizers, far less aiders and abettors. For a detail of Russian barbarities the reader is referred to another column of this day's paper. They are atrocious enough to make the blood run cold, yet they do not surpass those which have been perpetrated by the Yankees upon our own people. The invitation to the serfs to murder their masters, and the promise to put arms in their hands for that purpose, are not more atrocious than the conduct of Lincoln and his officers with respect to our negroes. In one point of view a far better course presents itself for Alexander than can be found for Lincoln. Alexander is a hereditary despot. The Poles are his subjects by right of conquest—at least he has been educated to think them so. Lincoln is the head of what purports to be a republic, and the people of the Confederate States never were his subjects, and therefore are not rebels: Alexander is acting upon a conviction that he is but sustaining the just rights of his empire. Lincoln is prompted by sheer wickedness—by the desire to humiliate and enslave a free people, upon whose allegiance he has no claim whatever.

HECTORING THE GOVERNMENT.

THE "Mississippi delegation" who lately made an irruption, one hundred strong, upon the White House, and set forth a programme which they required Mr. Lincoln to pursue, have broken up into squads and commenced a series of popular appeals in other parts of the land in behalf of their scheme.

They obtained a hearing in our city last night—but if the tone of the speeches delivered and of the resolutions adopted is the measure of their loyalty and respect for the established authorities of the nation, the President will be held excused from paying any further attention to their demands.

Insubordination breathes throughout all they say or do—and their purpose would seem to be to ruin the Administration if they cannot rule it.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE REBEL COTTON TRADE.

LARGE SHIPMENTS FROM NASSAU FOR LIVERPOOL.

The export of cotton from Nassau for Liverpool continues unabated, and, notwithstanding the existing blockade, the stock there is very large. Vessels continue to arrive to load, five being reported from this port by the mail, and with arrivals from London, Cardiff, etc., made a very creditable fleet lying there on the 22d ult. The following had sailed for this port with full cargoes of cotton: Presto, Captain Wingarden; Ella, Captain Carter; Economist, Captain Thomas; Lady of the Lake, Captain Powell; Knight Bruce, Captain White; Nina, Captain Squires; and Emulous, Captain Brown. The Presto and Ella have already been reported in the Mersey, and the remainder may be expected in a few days. The steamers Spaulding and Smoker, reported at Nassau by last mail, had both sailed for confederate ports.—*Liverpool Courier, Sept.* 16.

PRICE OF NEGROES IN ATLANTA.—At the auction sale of negroes by Messrs. Crawford, Frazier & Co., in Atlanta on Saturday last, young men brought from $2,900 to $3,000; women from $2,250 to $2,600; fourteen year old boys, $2,600; ten year old girls, $2,350.

In this city [Richmond], yesterday, No. one men brought from $2,000 to $3,150; No. one women, $2,800 to $3,600; No. one boys from fifteen to seventeen years old; $2,500 to $2,900: girls of the same age from $2,450 to $2,800. Families in proportion.—*Richmond Enquirer, Sept.* 25.

SLAVES FLOGGED.—Several negroes were hauled up before Mayor Mayo yesterday, charged with being at large without proper papers, and ordered to be whipped therefor.—*Richmond Enquirer, Sept.* 25.

Selections.

SPEECH OF VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN,

At Cooper Institute, N. Y., Wednesday, Sept. 30, *before the Great Republican Meeting.*

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES ("Good, good," and cheers.) I come before you to [illegible] a legitimate conscript (cheers). In the absenc [illegible] that noble man whom we have elevated to [illegible] position within the State of Maine, and [illegible] detained by indisposition, I have allowed [illegible] be conscripted to say a few words, which he [illegible] have better uttered had he been present (three cheers for Maine). But I think you will indulge me in a little self-congratulation upon the present occasion, for I say I am proud to hail from that Eastern State (cheers). It is said that we have nothing but ice but does not need the protecting care of government, but I tell you, gentlemen, we have *men*, high-minded men there (applause). The little State that sits like a queen on the Pacific coast sent over its challenge to the far Northeast, and the Northeast sent back the echoing sound of 20,000 majority (great applause). And now all eyes are watching, and all hearts are beating with anxiety to see what shall be the verdict of the Empire State. Mr. President, I know not what to say to this vast assemblage. I might better come here to take a coal that is burning upon the fires of your own altars and apply it to my own lips for inspiration than to undertake by anything I can utter to interest you and to cheer you along the pathway of duty; but there is a common cause that produces a common sympathy; and in a struggle like that in which our government is engaged we in the far-off East have precisely the same interest that you in this mighty Empire State possess. We are, to use a common expression, in the same boat, and floating upon the same vast ocean, and if the boat goes down for us it goes down for you; and if we sweep it to its desired haven of rescue amid the breakers on a lee shore, we arrive there together with you. But in the few words I have to offer let me say that they are uttered in the high character of an American citizen. (Gen. John Cochrane here entered the hall and three loud cheers were given for Gen. Cochrane.) At a period of time like this, which is one that shall constitute an epoch in the world's history, I have no fellowship with him who dwarfs his action by a miserable party standard (loud cheers). We have a country to save! and all true hearts will rally to the standard of that country (great applause). I care not what may have been the antecedents of a man politically—of any man, though he may have been steeped in doctrines obnoxious to me—aye, indeed, I care not what are my social relations with a man, if he will join hands with me in this day and in this hour in saving the country, and perpetuating it to long future ages—to that man I give the hand of political fellowship (applause). It is an hour, it is a day when patriotism should rise superior to party ("Good, good," and cheers). When mere partisanship should pale away into utter insignificance. But, my friends, the gentleman who preceded me, the President of your meeting, has said that his voice was for war! I must confess that my thoughts are turned on peace. I am for peace, and the few words which I propose to utter will be in favor of peace. You in this city, this great commercial emporium, who have not participated in, and have not directly inspected the havoc and ravages of war, know nothing of it. Your material prosperity to-day is wonderful; indeed, in my judgment, the material prosperity of the country procrastinates the war, paradoxical as it may seem. But the little I have seen of it, and all the best interests of the country, and every consideration which bears upon it, leads me to desire peace. But I want that peace which shall be lasting (great applause). I want that peace that shall be purchased without dishonor (renewed and long-continued applause). I want that peace that shall leave no contest for our children's children hereafter (loud applause and cries of "Good, good"). I want no peace when this rebellion is within our grasp and almost beneath our feet. I want no peace that shall again revive it (great cheering). And I believe the surest road to accomplish that peace—aye, indeed, the most rapid and certain road to peace is by recruiting your armies and fighting for peace! (Tremendous cheers.) Now, Mr. President, I am just so much of a peace man, that I am willing to fight for peace! (Loud applause.) Nay more, I do not believe for a single moment that any peace worth having lies in any other direction than through that of arms! (A VOICE—"That is the Yankee of it.") Yes, that is the Yankee of it (great laughter and cheers). And now, my friends, who is it who are using their influences, both direct and indirect, in preventing the advent of that peace so much desired [Seymour]. Yes, Seymour! [Wood and Booby Brooks. Groans.] Don't speak that name, gentlemen (great laughter). It was one of God's providences that the creature was born in Maine (great laughter and applause). But, gentlemen, don't blame us; we could not help it (laughter). If we could have had the ordering of it, it should have been otherwise I assure you (loud applause). A party that called itself the Democratic party—God save the mark (laughter); for I was brought up in that school myself; but upon my word, if I should look around to discover it, I should be precisely in the condition of the man who fell asleep in the streets of a town, and the roguish boys unharnessed the horses and detached the team, and when he woke up, he came to the very sage conclusion that he had either lost a horse or found a wagon, and he did not know which (cheers and laughter). This same party, called Democratic, down in Maine, bowed down and worshipped at the shrine of Horatio Seymour as the god of their party and political idolatry, and where are they? ("Dead.") Dead! Yes, sir, dead as a door nail. So dead that they never can be resurrected—never! (Cheers and laughter.) Now we have defeated parties occasionally in Maine, but we have annihilated them, and now they are to be numbered among the things that were. But while we are all wishing for a peace, for I am a peace man, who is it, my friends, who are responsible for preventing the return of that peace so desirable to us all? ("Copperheads.") Yes, sir, Copperheads! They understand very well down at the South who are their friends here; the very men who go into the streets like political Jeremiahs, bewailing and be moaning every act of the Federal government, and who give to it a support with an "*if*" and a "*but*," with a design to damn it all the more effectually. These men down South understand as well as you or I, and perhaps better, who are the men who sympathize with them, and to whom they look for support. Long ere this, if they had given a common support to the government, this war would have been ended. Then who are responsible for preventing the return of peace? These men who go around the streets prating for peace, and doing all they can to procrastinate the war—these are the same men. It is only a few days since I read in the Richmond *Enquirer* or *Examiner* a paragraph, a little after the victories at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, added to the glorious achievement won by that gallant and distinguished naval officer, who, thank God, is here with you to-night (loud cheers for Admiral Farragut), that said that the only hope of success lay in two directions, one in foreign intervention—pause a moment, and roll over the proposition in your own minds a moment—a Republican looking to Louis Napoleon for aid and comfort! That was one source—a modern Democratic source (laughter). The other source was the success of their friends in dividing the North. The only two sources of comfort they could find. I affirm, my friends, and give it as my opinion, if we had common union at the North and a common loyalty to the government, we could have ended this war months ago, but this aid and comfort from their friends kept them alive for months! Nay, come together but now and strike one gallant united blow for the great North that loves the whole country, and this rebellion may be crushed out in its last vestige in less than 90 days (cheers). When these men, therefore, talk along your streets for peace, I tell you, charge upon them that they and they alone are guilty of this procrastination in the return of peace. There is no doubt about it. I imagine they are the same class here that we find in New England; they give all the aid and comfort they can to the South. They discourage recruiting in your army; they are preventing enlistments; they stand on the corners of streets and throw every obstruction in their power against strengthening the arms of the government! Yes, they are still doing all they can in aid of the rebellion, and I tell you, my friends, that down in Maine we did not draw any distinction between the Tory of the Revolution and the Copperhead of 1863, and if there were found any to discuss the relative merits of the two, they were not found to be in favor of the Copperheads (applause and laughter). I tell you to charge on these men, and hold them responsible for the results of their acts. Do this, and let there be no skirmishing and no picket-fighting. Charge upon them, and hold them up to the public odium of all loyal and honest men, and I tell you that the Empire State will yet roll up 50,000 majority! (Great and long-continued cheering.) We have among us a class of men who very much desire the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was; have you got them here? ("Yes.") Well, sir, I have found them all around. But I am very sorry, indeed I am, that they cannot have it! (Laughter.) There is no possible way in which they can have it. It is mere demagogueism; it is mere clap-trap; it is nonsense, and it is not very good nonsense at that! (Cheers and laughter.) Why, the "Union as it was"—that means to bring back the States in precisely the same condition as they were when the rebellion was inaugurated. How are you going to bring Missouri to the same condition, when they have in that State inaugurated a measure, unsolicited and uninterfered with, for the emancipation of the slaves of that State? How are you going to get it back? And what are you going to do with that little new State which nestles away up in Northwestern Virginia, which has been framed by loyal men, and which has also adopted a system that is to rid them of slavery? How are you going to get it back? I should like very well to know how. I know they mourn over it, and they regret their inability to bring back the government as it was. Now, if there are any men in your city of New York who have got tears to shed over such a result, as we have a few in New England, I think they must be crocodile tears. If you have any such here who shed tears for the Union as it was, I think I could furnish a very good sketch for them. I think you might place in the foreground a colored man with his shackles stricken off, clothed in the uniform of Uncle Sam and of the Union, and the glorious Stars and Stripes waving over his head, while in the remote background stands the modern Democrat, with the large tears rolling down over his eyes big as turnips—because he could not have the Union as it was (laughter, long and loud), and if you could find any irrepressible Copperhead woman, I would place her in one part of the canvas, in the attitude of reaching to him with a crash towel to wipe away the tears (great laughter and cheers). My friends, one single word more, and that is upon the present aspect of the gigantic struggle in which our government is engaged. We are to be successful! (Tremendous cheering.) He who doubts it is a political infidel! (Great applause and cheers.) He who doubts it must believe that God has deserted our government and our country! Look to see within what limits we have compressed this rebellion? At the commencement of this rebellion it held control over 830,000 square miles of territory; to-day it has jurisdiction over less than 300,000 square miles (loud applause). It needs a bird's-eye view geographically of the State of the rebellion; but as we compress their power into the Gulf States, and as we diminish the area over which they have control, we diminish in a greater ratio the strength of their arms [cries of "Good," and cheers]. What has been accomplished already? That mighty artery that reaches from your inland seas to the Gulf of Mexico, God's own highway, over which your commerce floats, is again opened and unobstructed [loud cheers]. All the battles and particular events by which this was secured are yet fresh in your recollection. A bird's-eye view only can satisfy any one, yet it is evident that in a limited time, with the aid of all the men of the North, we can crush out the rebels in front with arms, and, at the ballot-boxes, beat their sympathizers in the rear! [Loud and long applause.] And what are the duties which devolve upon us to do this? We owe it to the true and loyal men of the South—men who have been good and true, and who love liberty, like the gallant Admiral who sits before you [great cheering]. If there were no other earthly consideration, the brave men who have stood up amid all perils that surround them in the rebel States demand of us, and we owe it to them, to be true to our government, and to vindicate their rights as well as our own! We owe it to our gallant army in the field that we will send recruits to them, to enable them to bear on our standard until it floats again over every inch of our domain. We owe it to the good mothers, the kind-hearted sisters and wives whose brothers and husbands have gone forth to the conflict. We owe it to the character of our institutions; because if they go down, they go down in eternal night as the last effort for free government in the world. We owe it to all the considerations that cumulate upon us from the ages of the past; we owe it to the uncounted generations of the future that we, in this day of our country's trial, do our duty like men; and woe, woe be unto those who fail to do their duty. We had a class of men in this country in that struggle which resulted in the establishment of our government known as Tories. They were unspotted patriots compared with those men to-day, but still our fathers exiled them, and drove them from the land into a distant province in the East. You had a class of men in the war of 1812 that rendered aid and comfort to the enemies of the country, and they were excluded mainly from offices of civil and political trust until they ceased to exist as a party. Let me tell you that the men who to-day join hands with the rebels in the South will meet hereafter the accumulated judgments that were visited upon the Tories, and upon the Federal party of 1812; and they will go down to their graves "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" [applause]. I cannot doubt, Mr. President, from the spirit that pervades this vast meeting, that your State will speak in thunder tones, that she will sound the cheering note of victory to encourage your armies in the field, and to discourage the rebels in arms. I will not for a single moment believe that on the night that will crown your election, but what the cheering fires of liberty will be lighted on all the hilltops, and the shouts of freedom will go up along all your vallies, that the old Empire State has nobly responded to the call of the country [applause].

THE BREAD RIOT IN MOBILE.

TWO OUTBREAKS IN ONE DAY.

From The New Orleans Era, Sept. 21.

W[illegible], from an eye-witness of the scenes we are about to [illegible]te the particulars of one of those heart-rending affairs which are of almost daily occurrence in the war-cu[illegible] cities of the South.

On Friday, the 4th inst., the women of Mobile, rendered desperate by their sufferings, met in large numbers on the Spring Hill road, with banners on which were printed such devices as "Bread or Blood," on one side, and "Bread and Peace" on the other, and armed with knives and hatchets, and marched down Dauphine street, breaking open the stores in their progress, and taking for their use such articles of food or clothing as they were in urgent need of. It was, in fact, a most formidable riot by a long-suffering and desperate population.

Gen. Maury, commanding at Mobile, ordered the Seventeenth Alabama regiment to put down the disturbance by force of arms. The soldiers refused to obey the order, saying that they would, if they took any action, rather assist those starving wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of men who had been forced to fight the battles of the rebellion. Upon the refusal of the Seventeenth, the Mobile Cadets were called upon. Now, the Cadets are known far and wide as a fancy military company, organized for the purpose of holiday show and parade, which has never yet seen service in any field, and probably never will. But being made of sterner stuff than the Seventeenth, which is probably largely made up of mudsills, the Cadets undertook to force these poor, desperate women to retire peaceably to their homes. Quite a little scrimmage ensued, resulting in the repulse of "the gallant fellows," who have figured in the Mobile papers for so many years as capable of material deeds. The Cadets were defeated and taught to fly in their first action, and the mob ruled the hour. Mayor Slough and the Provost-Marshal now appeared, and tried their powers of persuasion. They promised the women that if they would disperse they should have everything they required. The strategy was more successful than open force, and the rioters went home "promise-crammed."

In the evening, however, the riot broke out again, more fiercely than ever; but as our informant left in the interval of quiet, we cannot learn the result of the second attempt. The population of Mobile very naturally strongly sympathized with these poor starving women, and many incidents occurred to show this sentiment. One instance only we will mention: In coming down Dauphine street, two women went into a Jew clothing store, in the performance of the work connected with their mission. The proprietor of the store forcibly ejected the intruders, and threw them violently down on the sidewalk. A policeman who happened to be near, thereupon set upon the Jew and gave him a severe beating.

The rioters openly proclaimed their determination, in case some means were not rapidly devised to relieve their intolerable sufferings, or to stop this war, to burn the whole city.

The paroled Vicksburg prisoners at Mobile are suffering the greatest hardships for want of care and food. Several of them have been seen to lie down in the streets from exhaustion. The poor soldiers openly declared that if they are ever forced into the field again, they will leave the field in the first battle. They all allege that they have received nothing but kindness from the Union captors, and nothing but neglect from their professed friends. It is supposed that of all the 27,000 troops paroled at Vicksburg, not more than 5,000 will ever again be forced into the ranks. The soldiers of Johnston's army regard the great contest as being now decided, and think further opposition on the part of the rebels worse than useless. We think so too.

THE MISSOURI DELEGATION AND THE PRESIDENT.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

THE TROUBLE IN THE MISSOURI DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30, 1863.

THE delegations from Missouri and Kansas waited upon the President by appointment this morning at 10 o'clock. None but delegates were admitted. The address presented to the President alludes to the various conventions held throughout the State of Missouri, and resulting in the Jefferson City Convention, at which this Committee was appointed. All of these conventions are spoken of as cordially sustaining the Administration and endorsing the proclamation of Emancipation and the employment of negro troops. The Committee claim to represent a large majority of the people of Missouri, and a still larger majority of the legal voters—a loyal people who through the last thirty months have willingly periled their all for the Union cause, multitudes of them losing all but their lives. As Radical men they demand the immediate, not a gradual, removal of the sole cause and life of the rebellion, Slavery. They hold that the Emancipation proclamation did in law, by its own force, liberate every slave in the region it covered, and that it is irrevocable. The party opposed to them holds to conservatism as its fundamental idea, and comprises every disloyal man in the State, a small body of Union men, and a large body who were openly disloyal, and who have since become professedly Union men only because they found it dangerous to be anything else. The representatives of this party passed a so-called Ordinance of Emancipation, which fastened slavery upon the State for seven years to come, and, in a modified form, for a quarter of a century after that. Between such a party and the radical party there is, can be, and ought to be, no concord, but only antagonism and strife, as there ought to be forever between those who stand by their country against all enemies and those who divide their allegiance between their country and slavery. Gov. Gamble is boldly arraigned by the Committee, from the beginning of his administration, when he said that "his appointment would satisfy all that no countenance would be afforded to any scheme or any conduct calculated in any degree to interfere with the institution of slavery existing in the State, and that to the utmost extent of Executive power that institution would be protected." From that day to the present, Gov. Gamble's policy and acts have had a pro-slavery character, while the unconditional Unionism of the State has steadily advanced toward its present anti-slavery attitude. The Committee assert that the loyalists are not factionists, but men earnestly intent upon doing their part toward recovering the nation from the assault which slavery is aiming at its life. They oppose the State Executive because his policy is adverse to true loyalty, and announce their determination so to do in the future. Gov. Gamble never publicly approved the Emancipation proclamation or the arming of negroes, and is universally believed by loyal men to be opposed to both, as nearly all who support him are known to be. He has used his official influence to screen traitors, and to obtain the removal of a Commanding General of the Department, whose only offense, so far as known, was a just severity toward rebels and their aiders and abettors. He has without authority of law drafted into State service the enrolled militia, and controls the appointment of all officers above the rank of captain, from which positions known identification with the Radical Union party is almost certain to exclude any individual. Those companies of this militia who have pursued bushwhackers, guerillas, and marauders zealously have been disbanded. The result of all this is that disloyalty is presumptuous and defiant. Union men have been driven from their homes and beggared, others have been murdered, and the lives of citizens rendered less secure than when a rebel army was in the State. Great stress is laid upon the acts of Gov. Gamble in organizing a State force, which has been prohibited by orders from State headquarters from rendering assistance in enforcing some orders issued by Federal authority. The Committee claim, that Missouri, as much as any other State, has a right to be protected by National troops, and ask the immediate restoration of the military control of that State to the hands of the National officers and troops, and the entire discharge of all the enrolled militia of that State from any further service at the arbitrary will of the Governor. Gen. Schofield having identified himself with the State Administration, and shaped his policy to conform to pro-slavery and conservative views, having put a forced construction upon the proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus, having subordinated Federal authority to State rule, having countenanced State orders prohibiting enlistments from the enrolled militia into the volunteer service of the United States, having prohibited liberty of speech and of the press, and by various other acts rendered himself and his Administration obnoxious to loyal citizens, is pronounced unworthy and unfit for the position, and his recall and the appointment of Major-General Butler are besought of the President. The loyal people have been downtrodden and oppressed by disloyalty and slavery long enough. The wrongs that have been borne cannot be endured much longer. The Committee close as follows:

"We ask only justice and protection to our suffering people. If they are to suffer hereafter as now and in time past, the world will remember that they are not responsible for the gloomy page in Missouri's history which may have to record the independent efforts of her harassed but still loyal men to defend themselves, their families, and their homes, against the disloyal and murderous assailants."

The address, some two columns in length, of which the above is an abstract, having been read to the President, a conversation lasting several hours ensued, in the course of which Mr. Drake, President of the Missouri delegation, Senator Jim Lane, and others, enlarged upon their grievances. The President promised to consider carefully all the points urged, but left his auditory in doubt as to his intentions. He assured the delegation that he believed them to be the true friends of the Administration, whether the other "set," not using the word "faction" this time, was so or not. As for Gen. Schofield, the President said that he had no reason to be dissatisfied with him, since he had not only obeyed orders, but had done so with unusual promptitude, had reënforced Grant, and sent troops elsewhere, when ordered to do so, without objection or delay. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln was asked whether, if he were satisfied that the removal of Schofield were the wish of the loyal people of Missouri and Kansas, he would remove him? The President answered that this circumstance, if proved beyond question, would go a great way with him. Of Gen. Butler, Mr. Lincoln said not a word. In the course of the interview, he remarked to the delegations, that their "set" was a little too fast for his policy, which favored gradual, rather than immediate emancipation in Missouri.

The delegations retired with more hope than faith that their petition will be granted. To-morrow the Committee of One from each Congressional District have another interview, in which they purpose to lay before the President specific charges against Gen. Schofield's administration, with the names of witnesses prepared to prove them.

This evening the delegations were entertained at the residence of Secretary Chase, who, in response to calls for a speech, said that as he had none to make to his guests, he would only remark that he heartily sympathized with the objects of their mission, and hoped that the military department in which their States were embraced would be intrusted to a general whose watchword was "Freedom for All"—a sentiment which was received with much enthusiasm.

LETTER OF THE HON. D. S. DICKINSON,

To the Great Republican Meeting, at Cooper Institute, Sept. 30.

BINGHAMTON, Sept. 23, 1863.

Messrs. H. SMITH, JOHN KEYSER, A. M. PALMER, J. G. ABBE, JOHN FITCH, SAMUEL SINCLAIR, S. L. HULL, *Committee:*

GENTLEMEN: I am favored with your invitation to address the Union Ratification Meeting at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening, and wish I could do so, for I heartily support the Syracuse nominations, and approve the principles declared by the Convention which made them. But our Circuit Court, in which I have engagements, sits to-day, and continues for a week, and I have no more independence or volition than the man in the parable who was "arbitrarily *detained* if not arrested" by marrying a wife, for "*therefore I cannot come.*" I have nothing to say but what I have often said and *repeated*, that I exhort all, who love our form of government, and cherish an affection for the Union, to act together, regardless of previous political faith, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion, "totally, absolutely, and immediately," and, I will add, *unconditionally*. While the war should be prosecuted for this purpose alone, if, incidentally, the proposed corner-stone of the jack-o-lantern Confederacy should *slide off*, let us remember that it removes a blotch instead of leaving one, and is the legitimate fruit of conspiracy and rebellion. The prospects of the "Confederacy" are rather sorry just now, at home and abroad. The British government having learned that we have sufficient force to conquer rebellion and attend to our pirate-fitting *neutral* friends over the water beside, has determined that aiding "belligerents" *under such circumstances*, does not promise to be *profitable*, and is therefore *illegal*. The benevolent aristocracy, seeing no hope of our destruction as a nation, and the erection of a *Slavocracy* upon our ruins, will again become intensely anti-slavery in sentiment and will invest largely in the Bible Society and other humanitarian enterprises. The subtle Emperor of the wily French, unable to find a piece of Confederate territory large enough to *recognize*, unoccupied by a Federal army, will probably attend to the Elephant recently drawn in his Mexican lottery, and let us alone. Some hope is yet reposed, by the anxious and sympathetic, in the acceptance of the bogus Mexican throne by Maximilian, and should he accept, if he fails to pass by the World's Fair, on his way to regal honors, and enter a claim for the first premium on fools, he will neglect an important advantage. He will be sure to obtain it if he offers, unless some of the English subscribers to the *Confederate loan, secured upon cotton at least three hundred feet from any building*" (and probably most of it much further off) shall also propose, in which case the competition will be close and the result doubtful. This is about its foreign aspect. At home, it looks as anxiously to the result of the elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, as it does to the movements of Lee and Bragg and Beauregard; and the rebel press in Richmond, Charleston, and Mobile are urging their friends in the loyal States to renewed energy and increased effort in the cause they have espoused—alleging that it is the best method of resisting the "Lincoln government and subduing the Yankees." Maine and California have done their duty most nobly, and the three great States yet to hold their elections will do theirs. The Union organization, composed of the loyal of all political parties—of those who support the government in a vigorous prosecution of the war acts openly, in its combination of those of former diverse creeds, and above all disguises. Its antagonist, which would not be known unless it was called *Copperhead*, doing business under the name of Democracy, is evidently engaged in a new effort at deception. Claiming to be purely and exclusively Democratic, it has placed upon its ticket two very respectable gentlemen, who are not and never were known as Democrats, but who hailed from the Whig and Know-Nothing ranks. This is doubtless for the purpose of withdrawing that class of voters from the support of the Union ticket to this. And, besides, while expressing an unconquerable abhorrence of all Abolitionists—charging them with being the sole cause of the war, it can be for no other purpose than to gain the Abolition vote that they have placed upon their ticket one of the most conspicuous, eminent, and able members of the Buffalo Convention of 1848, where Mr. Frederick Douglass and other distinguished orators competed for the honors. And yet they tell us it is *the* Democratic ticket, and *the* Democratic party! Perhaps it is! "Weal pie," said Mr. Weller junior, "is wery good, if you know the woman as made it, and is sure it aint kittens." Democracy, too, is a most excellent sentiment, and inculcates many sublime truths, but it is well enough to take heed at whose *hands you receive it*, and be reasonably certain that there are no claws beneath its tempting covering of pastry. The shifts and devices of our opponents will all prove unavailing however, and by reasonable effort the Union ticket must be elected by a large majority, notwithstanding the shock the public mind sustained in the withdrawal of the "*Constitutional Union*" candidates—*two in number*, and the accession of the *masses* of that party, *to a greater number still*, to the Copperhead cause—must be elected. I mean, *if the election is held*; for, should an avalance come down from Ohio and Pennsylvania, I am not without fears that our worthy Governor and his friends may insist on postponing the election in this State, until the constitutionality of the law authorizing it can be tested in the courts.

Sincerely yours,
D. S. DICKINSON.

THE NORTHERN PEACE PARTY.

From The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, Sept. 9.

OUR people will recollect that two or three or more months ago we heard a great deal, and that continually, of the wonderful things the peace men of the North were going to do. Many in our midst built strong hopes of peace on the action of the malcontents in Lincoln's realm. Many even were proposing terms of peace, inviting the Northwest to free use of our Mississippi, and actually going so far as to ask the Northwestern States to abandon New England and the Middle States, and come with us under our pro-slavery Constitution. But since about the 4th of July, since the capitulation of Vicksburg and the retreat from Pennsylvania, we have heard scarcely a whisper or voice from beyond the Potomac. The people of the United States have become elated at their successes, and have gone crazy on the sensation of crushing the rebellion, and subjugating the insurgent States.

We confess that we have *always built strong hopes on the division and dissatisfaction* of the Northern people, *the gradual but sure growth of an outspoken peace party, and the final outbreak of the insurrectionary elements which exist among the enemy, but which, by one means or other, has so far been smothered or checked.* But we have always held that the only way to build up a peace party among the Yankees, and to set at liberty the furious opposition of the anti-Republicans, was by successful war on Lincoln's armies in the field. *We still have great expectations from the peace men of the North* and the explosive wrath of the opposition masses, but we were never more fully convinced than now of the essential importance of thick, fast, and heavy blows from the Confederate armies, in order to give *vitality, system, and organisation to the peace men*, and to unloose the fierce impulses of the enthralled and terrorized people. Mr. Vallandigham himself, as we have heard, most emphatically declared that the success of Southern arms alone could give strength and consistency to the peace movement, and we verily believe that if Vicksburg had been held, and Lee had thoroughly defeated Meade on his own ground, the Woods and Coxes and Vallandighams and their followers would have been rampant for peace and separation, and that not one drafted man would ever have worn the United States uniform—the livery of a hireling or degraded soldier—in the City of New York. But Vicksburg fell, and Lee failed to overwhelm Meade, and so the peace men are as mute as frightened mice, and the drafted rowdies are forced easily into the ranks.

This popular feeling must be checked and changed, and there is no means of doing it but by a determined and successful conflict at one or more points. The heroic holding out of Charleston helps us to some extent, but something more must be done. The election for Governor of Ohio takes place early in November, we believe, and the new Yankee Congress meets in December. In order favorably to affect the Ohio election and the organization and action of the new Congress, a majority of which is against the Republican party, but not firmly decided as to anything else, it is to the last degree essential that the Confederate armies win one or more decisive battles within the next thirty or sixty days. If Johnston and Bragg can defeat Rosecrans and Burnside, Charleston still holding out, or if Lee, with his recruited army, can defeat Meade with all the aid of his new conscripts, demoralized and disaffected as they are represented, then we may expect the most favorable results in the Ohio election and Lincoln Congress. But unless something of the kind is accomplished speedily then a long farewell to peace party—Vallandigham will be defeated and Wood and his party paralyzed or overawed in Congress, and peace postponed indefinitely without foreign aid.

HONORS TO THE MISSOURI DELEGATION.

Speeches of William C. Bryant, of New York; Hon. C. P. Johnson, and Col. Moss, of Missouri, and others.

A MASS meeting was held at Cooper Institute last evening under the auspices of the National Club, a German political organization, to welcome Hon. B. Gratz Brown, Hon. C. P. Johnson, Hon. Emil Pretorius and others, of Missouri, composing the delegation which has recently visited the President, to solicit from him relief in regard to grievances alleged to be endured at the hands of Gov. Gamble, Gen. Schofield and others.

The meeting was called to order by Frederick Kapp, Esq., President of the National Club, who presided during the evening, forty Vice-Presidents and fifteen Secretaries completing the organization. The hall was well filled, many ladies being among the audience. The stage draped with the American flag, was further decorated with the following mottoes:

"Away with the last traitor and the last slave."
"Welcome to the Missouri and Kansas Delegation."
"Union and Freedom."

A band of music was present, which divided with the speakers the attention of the audience.

Hon. Jim Lane of Kansas was announced in the call as one of the speakers, but was not present, being detained in Washington. The remarks of the speakers elicited much enthusiasm, and the Western speakers in many portions of their remarks fairly "brought down the house."

The first speaker announced was William Cullen Bryant, Esq., of *The Evening Post*, who spoke substantially as follows:

SPEECH OF WM. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Bryant gave a warm welcome to the delegates from Missouri and Kansas, denounced the Gradual Emancipationists, and closed his remarks as follows: Yet there are men who talk of gradual emancipation. There are men in the slave States who make of slavery a sort of idol, who, if it must be removed, prefer to see it removed by slow degrees and with tender leave-takings and close embraces. A foul and monstrous idol it is. It is a Juggernaut under which thousands of lives are crushed out. It is a Moloch to whose bosom the children of the land pass through fire. My friends let us hurl this grim idol at once from its pedestal [applause]. Trample it in the dust [cheers]. Grind it to powder, as the prophets of old the graven images of the heathen idolaters. Scatter it to the four winds of Heaven and strew it upon the waters that no human hand shall ever again gather up the accursed atoms, and mould an image to be worshipped with the sacrifice of human life [applause].

SPEECH OE HON. CHARLES P. JOHNSON OF MISSOURI.

The next speaker introduced was Hon. Chas. P. Johnson of Missouri, one of the delegation and Chairman of the Emancipation Committee in the last Missouri Legislature. He commenced by remarking that the object of the delegation in proceeding to Washington, as was well known, was to obtain from President Lincoln relief from the secession rule in Missouri of Gen. Schofield and Gov. Gamble, who were appointing slaveholders and secessionists, instead of loyal men, as officers in the enrolled soldiery of the State, and really making the chief occupation of the Missouri troops the guarding of the property of slaveholders, and the prosecution of loyal men who favor emancipation. He said they were called radicals as though it was a term of reproach. The first chapter of their radicalism was that they believed that we were engaged in a life and death struggle, and that the means and efforts of every loyal man in the country should be given earnestly, enthusiastically, and exhaustively to the final and utter crushing out of this unholy rebellion [applause]. The second chapter in their radicalism was that they believed that as slavery was the cause of the war there should be no compromise, no conciliatory measures, no cessation of hostilities, until the cause of the war was dead beyond hope of reconstruction in every part of the slaveholding States [great cheering]. They had waited on the President of the United States, not demanding anything that he could not grant constitutionally, even to suit any Copperhead of the North; not asking of him anything but what he could grant and suit the loyal people of the United States. Their demand was simply this, that the President should cast his influence in favor of freedom as the friends of the Union in Missouri want it, and in opposition to Pro-Slaveryism, which is but a modified form of secession. [A VOICE—"That's so."] The speaker then entered at some length into a detailed account of the difficulties in Missouri and Kansas, describing the persecutions the Union men had been compelled to suffer and the obstacles they had had to encounter, and relating their efforts and partial success in the contest against slavery in that State. The great obstacle now, after all that they had achieved as the result of their hard-fought contest, was the fact that the influence of the National government is thrown in favor of the slaveholder, guerillas, and bushwhackers, and against the loyal people. The government adopts its policy in accordance with the wishes of Gov. Gamble. The General of the Department associates with the secessionists of the State, and acts in opposition to the loyal people of Missouri, who have sworn in their hearts, that the institution of slavery there shall go down [great applause]. The men that were captured as prisoners at Fort Jackson are to-day occupying Federal appointments from the Government of this country [cries of "Shame, shame"]. The Adjutant-General of that State under Gamble, was a prisoner taken at Camp Jackson. The Provost-Marshals appointed to sustain the policy of Gamble, are appointed in accordance with the recommendations of men who are pro-slavery at heart, which, in the State of Missouri, is equal to being in favor of secession at heart. [A VOICE—"It is everywhere." "That's so." Applause.] What was the use of talking to them as a Postmaster-General did in his late remarkable speech about hybridism and negro equality. How foolish it was to talk about the question of what should be done with the negro. The speaker thought we were doing first rate with them. The President had recommended gradual emancipation. Suppose he did. He recommended emancipation with compensation. But the speaker thanked God in his secret heart that Congress adjourned without making any provision for emancipation. But the world is advancing, notwithstanding the President of the United States. [laughter and applause]. The end of this war must bring with it the end of Slavery, and the loyal men of Missouri were fighting for that result. The grapple with Slavery by the North in this struggle should be so earnest as not to leave a single vestige of the institution in the country [cheers]. He did not know what action would be extended toward this delegation by the President. They had not received his reply. This audience could easily imagine, and he did not desire to go into the details what the difficulties were in the State of Missouri with such a condition of affairs as he had represented. The Conservative-Copperhead men or the Copperhead-Conservative men can live in peace and quietness in many of the most dengerous places in the State, while the Radicals, if their enemies get hold of one of them in a Conservative-Copperhead neighborhood, they not only kill him, but there is an exhibition of that chivalry of which the South has so much boasted. Our radical friends do not go down to their graves in the usual manner of men dying in this war, but they die by the slow process of being taken down from the limb where they are hung two or three times, and—cold in the embrace of death—their ears are cut off, their noses cut off and powder placed in their ears and blown up. They are thrown upon the public streets for their fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers to gaze upon as they walk along the streets. This is the influence of Slavery—Slavery in its highest degree of chivalry. Our men do not die as those do who fight before the cannon's mouth surrounded by the enthusiasm of their comrades, with the knowledge of the fact that if they are captured they are to be treated as prisoners of war; or if they die they are to be honored as brave men who have fallen in a good cause. There are hundreds of cases in which dead bodies have been treated in almost as atrocious a manner as that which he had named. The "Conservative" policy on the part of the commander of the department culminated in the lurid flames which lighted the heavens from the noble City of Lawrence. But if the incidents that had happened all over that section were collected into a volume they would develop a history surpassing many times in barbarity the massacre of Lawrence. The loyal people attribute it all to Slavery. If any portion of the people of the North question their earnestness, or say that they are going too fast in this rebellion or revolution, they must be excused on the plea that having learned all about this subject in the better school of experience upon the soil of Missouri—having learned it practically there—they have come to the conclusion, regardless of the fine-spun theories of statesmen and of philosophers, that the cause of all this is slavery. This Radical policy, supported by all the loyal men of the loyal States, and supported by a majority of the loyal people of all the States, is the only live policy in the United States (cheers). That party is the only live party that can beat Copperheadism, and it will do it (applause). Will the people of the North, after this bloody conflict, allow the cowardly devices of Northern Secessionists at heart to prevail, and again compromise with "our erring Southern brethren?" ("No, no.") Many of our public men to-day are fearful of our progress. They are trying to restrain us, and are leaning toward a conservatism which must unite them with the Copperheads. There are men to-day who call themselves War Democrats. The speaker would advise them to change their name, for their children might misunderstand the true significance of the term—because the Democratic party of to-day is pursuing a policy which is directly calculated to aid and abet the enemy. If we do not want to bow our heads to the aristocrats of the South we must whip the Copperheads at the ballot-box. And suppose we do not whip them at the ballot-box? Suppose, for instance, that Mr. Vallandigham should be elected President of the United States (derisive laughter), did they suppose the speaker would be a constitutional Union man then? Did they suppose he would respect the edicts of such a man. No; such a President would stand in the same relation to him that Jefferson Davis did now (applause). And this is the position that the American people must occupy. This thing must be fought through now. But if the Constitution of the United States recognized slavery—though he did not believe it did—he wanted it amended, so that the provision should be stamped plainly and surely in it before this fight is over, that the American territory shall not hereafter contain a slave (tremendous applause). That can be done constitutionally (applause). A great trust is imposed upon the shoulders of the American people. If he knew the Anglo-Saxon race, he thought he might hope to see the day that the heroes of this country, and of all other countries, could look from those regions above, and see the American people great in the beginning of their history, proving themselves to be no degenerate progeny of noble sires [applause].

The following resolutions were then read amid applause and unanimously adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The cause of Missouri is identical with the cause of the Union at large, since the complete and speedy abolition of Slavery is the condition as well of the welfare and prosperity of the State of Missouri as of the undisturbed and glorious continuance of our Union; and

Whereas, The only party which represents the true interest of the State of Missouri, and of the Union, is the Radical Emancipation party, whose representatives we see to-night in our midst, and whose principles were substantially laid down for the first time in the Proclamation of John C. Fremont, dated Aug. 30, 1861; and

Whereas, The policy pursued by President Lincoln in Missouri, by closing his ears to the just, loyal, and patriotic demands and grievances of the Radical party, while he indorses and sustains the disloyal and oppressive course of Gov. Gamble, Gen. Schofield and their adherents, is an incomprehensible policy, since it is in striking contradiction to the spirit of Mr. Lincoln's own proclamations and to distinct acts of Congress, concerning the property of rebellious slaveholders; and

Whereas, This inscrutable policy has already borne its pernicious fruits in the terrible massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, and bids fair to lead to further results of the same lamentable character; and

Whereas, The loyal citizens of the City of New York here assembled are thoroughly and deeply convinced of the necessity of the speedy and complete abolition of slavery throughout the whole dominion of the United States, as the only measure promising the successful and enduring regeneration of the Union for all future time, and as they are equally convinced of the ruinous effect of a policy which is trying to reconcile an enemy stubbornly opposed to all reconciliation.

Resolved, That we tender our heartiest welcome to the delegates of the loyal party of Missouri, now present in our midst, as the representatives of the only true interests of Missouri as well as of the country at large.

Resolved, That we hereby denounce and condemn the course pursued by Gov. Gamble, Gen. Schofield and their political associates as a disloyal, law-defying policy—a policy calculated to defeat the object of the present war, and endanger its speedy termination.

Resolved, That we deeply and earnestly deplore the indorsement by President Lincoln of a policy so utterly opposed to the spirit of his own proclamations and of distinct acts of Congress, and his refusal to assent to the just demands of the loyal Radical party of Missouri. Finally,

Resolved, That we greet the members of the loyal Radical party of Missouri and Kansas as our brethren and fellow-soldiers in the great struggle for the regeneration of our glorious Union, and that we pledge to them our most vigorous coöperation, by word and deed, until from the liberated soil of our common country the last traitor shall have disappeared with the last slave.

Loud calls being given for Jim Lane, the chairman announced that that gentleman was still in Washington, on behalf of the delegation, and had not been able to be present to-night. A number of the audience left at this announcement.

Mr. F. Shutz followed in a speech in the German language, referring more generally to political subjects, and receiving much applause.

Col. Arnold Krekel, the present candidate for Judge of the supreme Court of Missouri, was the next speaker. To indicate to the audience, he said, the policy of the present pro-slavery party in Missouri, he would state that the recent Convention had stricken out from the State Constitution the clause providing for emancipation by the legislature, by compensating the slaveholders, and leaving as the only provision on that subject the one allowing emancipation when it is in accordance with the wishes of the slaveholders. There could be no peace or quiet in Missouri until slavery was utterly crushed out in the State. Abraham Lincoln received 17,000 votes in Missouri, and all these men are, without exception, Radicals. And yet he says that the Radicals in Missouri are too fast in their desire to overturn slavery in that State, when they are only attempting to do in a slower way what he by the one single act of his proclamation has done suddenly through all the States in rebellion. The loyal men of Missouri are compelled to leave their families at home to the mercy of guerillas and travel hundreds of miles, at great trouble and expense, to ask the government at Washington to do them justice. It was a spectacle never before seen in this or any other country. Gov. Gamble has enrolled all the citizens of the State, and appointed men who are pro-slavery at heart over them—men known as aiders of the secessionists. And so under these officers the loyal men of Missouri will be compelled to guard the property of secessionists. But slavery must fall in Missouri, or the loyal men must leave the State. And they would not leave their homes, and be driven from the State by bushwhackers and guerillas until they had met them face to face in bloody conflict (great applause).

Hon. Emil Pretorius followed briefly.

COL. MOSS, OF MISSOURI.

Col. Moss, of Missouri, was next introduced. He is a terse, vigorous speaker, and his remarks were frequently loudly applauded. He said that in the platform of the Radical party of the West was the plank that there should be no more slavery, and that no candidate who did not stand on it would receive their votes—that was the position of the Radical party of Missouri and of loyal men in Arkansas and Texas. They had learned within the past three years its necessity. The loyal people are bound to have freedom and nothing short of it. A compromise would only leave the matter to be fought over again. Slavery is doomed and will die the death of a felon. It was with these feelings and views that the radical party presented themselves to the President; it was not known that he would deny their request; he might grant it; he would be compelled to pretty soon. The President thought they in Missouri were going too fast; that man who has made no progress on the question of slavery in the past three years stands to-day on the platform of the rebels. The loyal people of the West have decreed that it must die in the next twelve months, and already slaveholders begin to feel and fear it.

The speaker denounced the Copperheads as more despicable than the rebels, and as to the peace men and their propositions, already about 700,000 Commissioners, brave men, with guns and sabres, were appointed who would settle the question of the rebellion without the aid of such politicians; but there was no settlement except in the subjugation and extermination of the rebels. Another question with the Radicals was, shall a rebel hereafter be allowed a vote or a seat in legislative halls? They said no, and they cared not what Presidents or politicians might say; the rebels could not live among them, and they would not admit Jeff. Davis and his partners—at least until after twenty-one years of training. They of Missouri did not want men who, a few years since, talked loudly of irrepressible conflicts to talk about compromise now; they did not intend to have such men in office in future; they wanted men who, when they lay down a principle, are willing to take its logical consequences; it is folly to conduct war on moderate and conservative principles. The loyal people of the slave States the speaker knew to be radical, except, perhaps, those of Kentucky. These loyal men are watching the movements of Missouri, anxious to fall into line. Don't fear for Missouri, for in November she will show she is loyal by a majority of 30,000.

At the conclusion of Col. Moss's remarks, the meeting adjourned.—*N. Y. Times.*

LETTER FROM JOSIAH QUINCY TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*Sir:* Old age has its privileges, which I hope this letter will not exceed. But I cannot refrain from expressing to you my gratification and my gratitude for your letter to the Illinois Convention; happy, timely, conclusive, and effective. What you say concerning emancipation, your proclamation, and your course of proceeding in relation to it, was due to truth and your own character, shamefully assailed as it has been. The development is an imperishable monument of wisdom and virtue.

Negro slavery and the possibility of emancipation have been subjects of my thought for more than seventy years, being first introduced to it by the debates in the Convention of Massachusetts for adopting the Constitution, in 1788, which I attended. I had subsequently opportunities of knowing the views on that subject not only of such men as Hamilton, King, Jay and Pickering, but also of distinguished slaveholders—of both the Pinckneys, of William Smith of South Carolina, and of many others. With the first of these I had personal intercourse and acquaintance. I can truly say that I never knew the individual, slaveholder or non-slaveholder, who did not express a detestation of it, and the desire and disposition to get rid of it. The only difficulty, in case of emancipation was, What shall we do for the the master, and what shall we do with the slave? A satisfactory answer to both these questions has been, until now, beyond the reach and the grasp of human wisdom and power.

Through the direct influence of a good and gracious God, the people of the United States have been invested with the power of answering satisfactorily both these questions, and also of providing for the difficulties incident to both, of which if they fail to avail themselves, thoroughly and conclusively, they will entail shame on themselves and sorrow and misery on many generations.

It is impossible for me to regard the power thus granted to this people otherwise than as proceeding from the direct influence of a superintending Providence who ever makes *those mad whom He intends to destroy*.

The only possible way in which slavery, after it had grown to such height, could have been abolished, is that which Heaven has adopted.

Your instrumentality in the work is to you a subject of special glory, favor and felicity. The madness of secession and its inevitable consequence, civil war, will, in their result, give the right and the power of universal emancipation sooner or later.

If the United States do not understand and fully appreciate the boon thus bestowed on them, and fail to improve it to the utmost extent of the power granted, they will prove recreant to themselves and posterity.

I write under the impression that the victory of the United States in this war is inevitable.

Compromise is impossible. Peace on any other basis would be the establishment of two nations, each hating the other, both military, both necessarily hostile, their territories interlocked, with a tendency to never-ceasing hostility. Can we leave to posterity a more cruel inheritance, or one more hopeless of happiness and prosperity?

Pardon the liberty I have taken in this letter, and do not feel obliged in any way to take notice of it; and believe me, ever your grateful and obliged servant,

JOSIAH QUINCY.

Quincy, Sept. 7, 1863.

SLAVERY IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW-ORLEANS, Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1863.

PROMINENT at the foot of Camp street, opposite the City Hotel and the centre of the most business portion of the city, is a large iron building, four stories high, one of the most prominent in the city. From the centre window of the second story hangs a brilliant Union flag. It looks particularly bright and cheery in the present glaring sunshine. On this flag, in large letters, are painted various letters which read as follows: "Headquarters Free State Constitution." In the room thus boldly announced meet the various delegates from the Union associations of New-Orleans and from the country parishes who believe that as slavery is practically dead in the State, no more noise should be made over its rotten remains, but that it should be dead and buried out of sight by the people of the State adopting a Constitution in which freedom should be its foundation. It may seem strange to the Copperheads North when I tell them that there is not an intelligent man I meet with who is really interested in the State who does not say, that such a step, such a Constitution, can alone redeem Louisiana from ruin and restore her again to her once splendid place in the Union. The argument is that labor and its laws will soon regulate themselves, that the self-interest of the planter and the necessities of the negro will come together and mutually combine to work out some system which will be profitable to both. No one who takes an intelligent view of the slavery question desires that there should be any special legislation on the subject; all that is wanted is that, Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation shall be adhered to, and that the cause of the mighty rebellion, slavery, be wiped out—that nothing of it legally be left behind—so that we shall at once commence to work under the new order of things. I mean by us, all without exception. That no hope be left, that at the polls, or in Congress, or somewhere else, if only a persistent agitation be kept up, we can get slavery back, first by a little concession, then by a little more, and finally the barrier now raised it is expected will be swept away, and we shall return into the same slough of despond, the same degradation, the same demoralization, and, lastly, the same hatred of free institutions and free color, that culminated in the firing upon our flag at Sumter, and the desolation of our fair country from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

It strikes me that no one has properly noticed how well the slaves in the South have maintained their difficult position. From the commencement up to this time they have in no instance called upon their heads the indignation of their masters by any impudent expression or untimely outbreak. Whenever our forces have afforded them an opportunity to break their bonds they have done it promptly and efficiently, but they have, with rare prudence, not involved themselves in difficulties which would be fruitless of substantial good to their interests. This conduct on their part it seems to me, exhibits a large amount of intellectual ability, for they have had the intelligence, while thoroughly understanding the nature of the revolution going on around them, of heartily sympathizing with the enemy, yet they have been secretive enough to keep their real opinions in their own hearts until the proper time came to give them utterance. I know of no people who under the circumstances, could have acted better or wiser. A few illustrations of this idea of sensible caution displayed by the poor slave I met with a while since in the country. I saw an old "Uncle Tom," who, by the way, with his white hair, profuse white whiskers, a high, wide, but still retreating forehead, put me in mind of Martin Van Buren. This venerable specimen of a late institution was sitting on top of a roadside fence, watching with intense interest the first invasion into his neighborhood of the d—d Yankees. I stepped in front of the old man and very abruptly asked him if he was for the Confederates or for the Yankees. A smile lit up his old weather-beaten countenance until it looked like illuminated India-rubber; then he said in a coy manner that would have done honor to a young girl, "Why, you see, master, 'taint for an old nigger like me to know anything 'bout politics." Not content to let him off so easily, I queried rather sternly, "Well, sir, let me know which side you are on, any way?" The old darkey kept up his ineffable smile for a moment, and then assuming a gravity that was ridiculous, remarked, "I'm on de Lord's side, and He'll work out His salvation; bress the Lord." No one, not Jeff. Davis himself, or even J. P. Benjamin, on a cross-examination of six hours, could catch that old darkey. He had all the shrewdness of his race, and that was beautified, adorned and strengthened by its being encased in a form that resembled the external appearance of the "Sage of Lindenwold."

CONSERVATISM IN MISSOURI.

Correspondent of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 24, 1863.

To find the true blue, unmistakable and unapproachable Conservatism, one must come to Missouri. Here it blooms in full perfection. Everything is Conservative—except the Radicals, and they are only a set of Jacobinical conspirators, who ought to be shot, hung, drawn and quartered at once. Conservatism is triumphant. It makes and unmakes officials. It sways the rod of empire with an absolutism which the Autocrat of all the Russians might well envy. And what sort of a rule is it, does any one ask? Let the desolated homes, the blackened hearths, the wailings of orphans and widows, with which Missouri is filled, answer the question. Conservatism! Out upon such a transparent sham. What is there here to conserve? Peace, law, and order? They have been strangers to us for two years. What then? Simply—murder, arson, robbery, theft, and other crimes too vile for name. Treason and crime stalk abroad, hand in hand, in our midst, and no official arm is uplifted to stay them. Guards and protections are thrown around them, which no Unionist must break down. Nay, more, a man must not write, must not speak, the indignant thoughts, which *will* throng his brain and swell his heart at sight of outrages perpetrated within sight and hearing of those whose duty it is to prevent them. The press is muzzled, and if it speak at all, must speak under penalty of suppression. Meanwhile, traitors who have been for two years in arms against the government, come home and walk our streets without molestation. In short, the best protected and the safest men in the State are—rebels. Such is the conservative rule in Missouri. And now for some particular instances of its workings.

Going out on the street yesterday, who should I meet but an old acquaintance, the son of the rector of one of the Episcopalian churches in this city. When the exodus Southward of all the fiery scions of the chivalry took place more than two years ago, he was one of the number. Since then, he served in the rebel army until the surrender of Vicksburg, when he was taken prisoner. Now he saunters unconcernedly up 4th street, picks his teeth on the steps of the Planter's House, and is probably a good conservative Union man. Now is not that enough, I say, to make the blood of any decent loyal man, who has held firm from the first, through all the long, dark days of doubt, and trial and perplexity, is it not enough, I say, to make the blood of such an one boil with just indignation? Here is a man whose life is forfeited as the penalty of a heinous crime, who by right is incapable of exercising any of the rights of citizenship, who is a traitor in heart and deed; yet he is allowed to return to the protection of that government against which his arm has been uplifted, while yet it is engaged in a desperate struggle for life, with the very foes of which he has been part and parcel. Was there ever folly more criminal? Is it not an insult to the good sense and intelligence of a loyal man to suppose that he will look upon such things and hold his peace? Nay, rather let him proclaim it abroad as evidence of the inefficiency and incompetence of those who allow it.

This is not an exceptional case. They are of daily occurrence. I have another in mind. In the early days of the rebellion there was a law firm in this city, styled Garesche and Bakewell. The first named was Public Administrator of the County, and a brother of the late Col. Garesche, who was killed at the battle of Stone River. The other partner, Robert A. Bakewell, was of a literary turn, and editorially connected with several abortive attempts to establish and maintain a rebel organ in this city. When the city became fairly settled under the Union rule, Garesche and Bakewell, in company with others of like persuasion, hastily decamped and went on a pilgrimage southward. Where Garesche is, is not known to the writer, but Bakewell is in St. Louis and at large, having returned yesterday. Doubtless, he is a repentant sinner, but there are other places in which he might reside with more advantage to his newly espoused cause than St. Louis. At any rate, it rather "goes against the grain" of the older Union men to see these quondam rebels enjoying all the benefits and privileges of a government which they had tried hard enough to break down.

One more illustration of conservative rule. You will remember the case of Luther M. Shreve, a lawyer of this city, who was recently convicted of smuggling two hundred and forty ounces of quinine to the rebels, and sentenced to imprisonment during the war. At the time his sentence was approved and announced, he was at large on bail, and in Kentucky. In response to a telegram from his bondsman, he returned to the city and was incarcerated in the military prison. In a day or two he was released on bond, and the next day again imprisoned. So it went on for some time until it was hard to say whether he was in or out. Now you saw him, and now you didn't. Finally, he was again committed, and nothing heard of him for two weeks. Some persons ignorantly supposed that he had been sent to Alton, to serve out his time. Not at all. Two weeks ago I heard that there was no probability of his ever going there. I did not believe it, but it looks like it now. A day or two since his sentence was suspended until further orders, by the Provost-Marshal General, and he is released on bond. That's the way they do things here, under Conservative influence.

Gen. Schofield's order No. 96—or *gag* order—made its appearance last week. Such orders are usually the last refuge of imbecility, and end in nothing at all. Several Generals have tried it, but the press has invariably come out several lengths ahead. One would have thought that Gens. Halleck and Sherman would have served as examples to Gen. Schofield of the utter folly and weakness of such a course; but he was determined to learn it by personal experience. The order, itself, is simply an exercise of military despotism which Gen. Schofield will live to be heartily ashamed of. In no other way could he have so completely acknowledged the justness of all the charges brought against him. A man whose sole reply to criticism is brute force may be very safely set down as in the wrong. By adopting such a cause, Gen. Schofield has shown himself a much weaker man than any of his critics have yet accused him of being.

The first effect of the order was not exactly what was looked for. There is no doubt that it was intended for the benefit of *The Democrat* and other radical papers in the city and State. But it fell first on *The Union*, the pet organ of the Schofield-Gamble party, and in this wise. A day or two since an article appeared in its editorial columns reflecting upon the policy of Gen. Ewing's Order No. 11, and denouncing it in unmeasured terms as cruel, infamous, and barbaric. Hereupon information of the same and charges against the editor were filed in the Adjutant-General's office by Capt. Price of the 1st Kansas. The arrest of the editor followed as a matter of course. The defence put in was that the article in question was sent in by a friend in the country and published accidentally. Gen. Schofield, not disposed to be hard on his friends, let the editor off, but it is reported that Capt. Price is not disposed to allow the matter to drop thus easily. An interesting query, in connection with the case, is "would the editors of *The Democrat* or any other radical sheet have been allowed to escape upon so paltry an excuse?"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1863.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

WE believe it was Thomas Paine who said of the Revolutionary Days that they were "Times that tried men's souls." And so they did; but not more truly than many other times and seasons. Indeed, all times and seasons, for that matter. Especially, for the last thirty years has the intrusive element of slavery in our history been a perpetual trial of men and what was in them. Abolitionism, it is true, has had to bear the blame in many quarters, where it is thought—or said, at least—that had it not been for that impertinence, men might have possessed their souls forever in peace and quietness. But as such an abnormal condition as slavery could not exist without creating a counter irritation, perhaps Abolitionism was as natural a method of applying the inevitable test as any other. At any rate, slavery by itself or through its opposite, has been examining and toying opinions and faiths and establishing solid fame and demolishing factitious reputations with inexorable justice. As this has been true all along, has it been particularly so since the rebellion blazed out, kindled in the flame struck out by the collision of slavery and anti-slavery. Combustion, in the moral as in the material world, is an essential condition of a thorough testing of metals and separating the gold from the dross, the precious from the vile! The fire which has raged so fiercely the two last years has worked marvels of moral and political chemistry. It has developed the Gold that lay at the heart of the stubborn democracy of Benjamin F. Butler, and it has brought to the head the Copper that lurked under the ductile Republicanism of Richard H. Dana, the younger, of Massachusetts. We have all of us undergone, not "a sea change," but a change by fire, and we find the elements of our opinions and actions strangely modified and mixed. To change the metaphor, strange bedfellows have been brought acquainted with one another. Breckinridge Democrats and Garrisonian Abolitionists find themselves shoulder to shoulder. Webster Whigs are seen embarked in the same boat with States-right Nullifiers. Men who used to be ready to sacrifice every right to slavery that the Union might be saved are now forward to destroy slavery rather than that the Union should perish; while those who used to hint that even the Union might be preserved too dearly at the price of the indefinite extension of slavery, now hold that it is better that the Union die, so that slavery survive.

There is no real inconsistency in the changes of outward manifestation. The metal is not changed in its nature by the process it has gone through, it has only taken upon itself new forms. Honest and patriotic men who worked with the slaveholders, and who even did their work, in the belief that they were thus but consulting the greatness, prosperity, and permanent unity of the nation, now cut loose from them when they are forced to see that slavery is inherently and essentially accountable with these things. So men of base and corrupt natures, who called themselves Whigs, Free Staters, or even Republicans, whose instincts led them to grovel before Power, however sordid or cruel, are necessarily moved to see to it that it suffers as little detriment as possible from the perils with which its own excesses have beset it. So the Abolitionists who denounced the Constitution and the Union as a Covenant with Death and an Agreement with Hell, did so because of the slavery which they saw made the vital essence and condition of existence of the one and the other. As soon as the slaveholders had violently rent the Constitution asunder and taken along with them, in their exodus from the Union, those ancient allies of theirs—or as it was wittily and epigrammatically put by Mr. Garrison, "when Death and Hell had seceded," the Abolitionists had no farther fault to find with the Constitution. It was not the "fair house" to which they objected, but "the ill spirit that had taken possession of it that they abhorred. That exorcised, they had no longer any vocation to lift up their testimony against it. The demoniacs that dwelt among the tombs were not fit company for good men while so possessed; but, after the devils had been cast out, and were rushing as the swine down a steep place into the sea, they were remitted to their normal condition of soundness and sanity. Though we do not regard consistency as one of the cardinal virtues—thinking it much more important to be *right* than to be consistent—we cannot discern that we have changed our attitude at all in now upholding the Constitution and Union which we used to denounce. It is they that have been changed by the force of circumstances, and made capable of a meaning the very contrary of what used to be attributed to them. We hated the Constitution when it was made the den of satyrs and the abode of dragons. They put to flight, and it made fit for the dwelling-place of the angels of Freedom, Justice, and Mercy, we may well be content to inhabit it with them.

We imagine that there are but few Abolitionists who did not feel that the first gun fired upon Sumter reached the heart of slavery. And we rather think that this opinion has only received confirmation from the progress of events since then. The differences of opinion which have existed among them have been as to the length of time that it could linger, and on the tendency of the conduct of the government to protract or to hasten the day of its doom. We ourselves had most serious misgivings as to the date of the reprieve which might be granted to the condemned felon, through the timidity or the false statesmanship of the men at the head of affairs. And we still think that we owe it more to the obstinacy and skill of the rebels, than to the highest wisdom of the Administration, that slavery had not a long day given to it. It could not have ultimately survived the shock of the collision of passions and interests which the outbreak of the rebellion had occasioned; but it might have lingered for another generation, had the slaveholders been content to return to the Union, on the terms they might have commanded a year ago. Happily the Wrath and the Foolishness of men have conspired to praise God, and now we think no amount of weakness, of folly, or of treason can save it from sudden fate. Weakness, folly, and treason can yet prolong its date of life, but they can not restore to it the vitality it had three years ago. Even the sweeping success of the Seymours, Woods and Vallandighams would only secure the independence of the Confederacy, an event not less fatal to slavery, in a little longer time, than the proclamation of January. Even their success could not undo that proclamation, by virtue of which there is not a slave legally held, and has not been for nine months, in all the rebel States. The words of the President were none too strong when he said that the men then freed could no more be enslaved again than the dead could be brought to life. It is an accomplished fact, a perfect deed of manumission, legally and constitutionally made, under the provisions, express and implied, for the preservation of the nation when endangered by foreign levy or domestic malice. Any attempt to abrogate that great act by President or by Court would create a conflagration to which the present combustion were but a glimmering blaze. It would certainly consume slavery, but it would be but too likely to consume much of our property and our hopes tender in the process.

It is to prevent this that the thoughts and efforts of every true lover of his country should now be directed. That slavery must die, we may assume as a certain consequence of this rebellion. That it do not lay waste the virtue and happiness of the country, and perhaps even shatter the Union, by its dying struggles, is what we must try to hinder. The one central idea, on which the unity and prosperity of the country depends is, that slavery and the Union are incompatible and cannot exist together. This idea is becoming, happily, more and more clear in men's minds, and especially so in the minds of military men engaged face to face with this wily and desperate foe. The rebellion is not one of the Confederate States, as they style themselves; it is a rebellion of *slaveholders*, everywhere, in what are called the loyal States, as much as in the heart of the cotton country. That there may not have been, here and there, an owner of slaves who was truly loyal, we will not affirm. But the number of such is inappreciable, and hardly enough to prove the general rule. And we do not doubt that every such loyal slaveholder was an Abolitionist at heart, who secretly hated the system and wished to be rid of it. With such rare exceptions, as numerous probably in the Cotton as in the Border States, the good wishes of the slaveholders in Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were as strongly given to the rebellion as in Carolina or Alabama; and nothing kept back their hands from helping it but the presence of the National armies. The great error the President made was, in excepting those slaveholders from the operation of his proclamation. The master should not have been allowed to rear a single head anywhere, and especially where they could be reached at once. The identity of slavery with the rebellion, and that in the Border as well as in the rebellious States, is the one truth now to be preached and practically enforced. It can be reduced to the forms of law and that soon, if the people be intelligent and determined. The President may yet recover his false step. Congress can supply the complement of the proclamation and ordain the extinction of slavery, everywhere and at once, as a military and political necessity, essential to the preservation of the Union. This, with whatever of compensation to loyal masters that shall be thought expedient, Congress should be urged, by every influence of public and private argument, to be swift in this work. This done, Peace and Victory will be had, and that speedily and permanently. If refused, long delay certainly, and possibly defeat and disgrace, will be the certain consequence.

AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST!

The Journal of Commerce complains that we, in this country, have never adopted any Christian device for coinage, and that, instead thereof, we have placed the head of an idol on our coinage, and always made it the prominent feature there. Its hatred of the thing, Liberty, has broken out into emphatic protest against the word Liberty, and the figure which bears that glorious name upon its forehead. It speaks of the "hideous object" which has been on our gold, silver and copper, ever since we had a coinage, and stigmatizes it as a Goddess of Liberty, probably borrowed from infidel France. And it suggests that the head of Washington ought preferably to be placed on our circulating medium, though without making it clear how this device would be more "Christian" than the existing one. If we may judge from the other preferences of *The Journal of Commerce*, declared with unwavering consistency ever since the Anti-Slavery movement commenced, its regard for Washington arises chiefly from the fact that he was a slaveholder.

What is it, what can it be, which makes so many Northern men hate freedom and love slavery? There is a class of newspapers among us, and even scattered through all the New England States, which express this frame of mind as plainly as the Richmond *Whig* itself, which avowed that it had got to hating everything with the prefix "free," and specified free schools as the most hateful of the whole tribe. These papers understand the art of giving an ill name to the dog they would have hanged; so, besides lamenting every manifestation of the decline of slavery, and repeating every lying pretence that has been coined in its support, they pervert even their native language to uphold oppression, stamp the loftiest utterances of freedom as "glittering generalities," stigmatize the interference of humane persons in behalf of the slave as "malignant philanthrophy," and represent the love of liberty as idol worship, and the function of democracy itself as a determined maintenance of the right of slaveholding. Of course, newspapers like these exist because there is a class of men who prefer them, and who wish for the dissemination of such ideas. The North still continues divided against itself. And this division, fatal alike to our success in war and to our adoption of any new policy leading to permanent prosperity, seems likely to last until slavery, its source, is utterly and forever exterminated.

Why do we not proceed to exterminate it, and thus destroy the root which has ever, through our whole history, been putting forth branches of trouble and disaster? Why does not Abraham see what the signs of the times now plainly manifest in regard to slavery? It is clear that that abomination *must* cease from this land. It is clear that our troubles are prolonged in exact proportion with its lingering life. It is clear that while slaveholding is continued in any State as a recognized legal institution, the South will retain the hope of its continuance and extension in their own regions, and continue to fight for that bare possibility. It is clear that, while the war continues (its continuance of course authorizing all measures, however strong or unusual, which the safety of the republic requires,) either the President or Congress may decree an entire abolition of slavery throughout the country. Why is not a measure of such indispensable and immediate necessity put in practice?

If the timid President, either through a lingering love for the institutions of his native Kentucky, or through fear that a measure so sweeping as the entire abolition of slavery would not be favored by the people, shall still refuse to do this needful work, the people should urge its performance upon the coming Congress. Let a million names of men be added to the million names of women now in process of signature, asking Congress to enact a law abolishing slavery throughout the United States, and the work will be done. If it be not done now, if the war shall cease by some compromise allowing a continuance of slavery in the Border States, so as to leave that system, as before, in the power of the several States, and beyond the control of the General government, then these same troubles will inevitably come up again for settlement; slavery must be destroyed before this land can have peace. If we meanly shrink from the task, it must fall upon our children.

Among the means necessary to a speedy destruction of the rebellion, and of its source, slavery, there is another of great importance, which the people should demand, if the Executive continues to evade it. We refer to a much more extensive use of the colored people as soldiers than has yet been practiced.

The late conscription has been, in great part, a failure; since, although it provided money for the necessities of government, it did not provide men in sufficient number for the necessities of the army. When war is necessary, conscription is the proper method of raising an army, provided no better method appears. At the commencement of this war, there was obviously a better method, for men offered themselves in abundance as volunteers. Now again there is a better method, since vast numbers of colored men, slave and free, would be glad to volunteer, if such terms were offered them as the first volunteers obtained; that is to say, if the government will give them the rights, considerations, privileges, and honors belonging to other United States soldiers. Why should not a fair trial be made of this method

Other things being equal, battles [illegible] gained, and a war is conducted to a favorable iss[illegible] a preponderance of hearty enthusiasm in the sol[illegible] for the cause in which they fight. Other things being equal, that side will win whose soldiers feel the double stimulus arising from justice in their cause and extreme personal interest in its success. Both these weighty circumstances favor the policy proposed in our own country. No combatants who ever fought for liberty, no Greeks, or Swiss, or Poles, or Italians, could ever feel more truly than our colored men that the cause in which they fight is just. It is the continuance of an enormous system of tyranny, and the inauguration of a new force to extend and perpetuate it, that our armies oppose. We are fighting against the sum of all villanies, and trying to establish the rights of man and of woman against a tyrannical oligarchy which ground both under its heel in the dust. If ever the Father of men saw any of his children offering their lives in contest for *the right*, that spectacle is now seen in the black regiments of our country.

And these men are called to fight, not merely in a just cause, and for the right in general, but for their own rights—for their recognition as men and brothers for the right to be citizens in their native country—for the right to choose their residence and occupation, in a land of just and equal laws—for the right to wives and children, and the power to cherish and protect them through life—for the right to read and write, and learn, and speak freely, and take part in the choice of their own rulers—for the right to claim and receive the protection of law against those who would plunder or oppress them. And they contend, not merely for the personal enjoyment of these rights during their lives, but that these blessings may extend to their race, and descend to their children. Well may the strength of many be in the single arm of the black soldier, for he fights for family, nation, and race at once, and each blow struck for America helps also the future of Africa. How much longer are we to disregard and undervalue such allies? Our blindness and folly in continuing to insult and oppress a people whose future is inextricably bound up with ours, well-nigh equals the refusal of the Jews to receive their long-expected Messiah.

Surely, the existence of considerations so just and weighty as these, just at the moment when the government is meditating a new conscription, should cause a popular movement in favor of that better method which we have indicated. Let the people urge, both on the President and on Congress, an extension and an energetic pursuance far greater than we have yet seen, of the enlistment *and the employment* of colored soldiers. These men, the slaves and the free—and both are alike necessary to us—can be attracted at once to our side by justice and kindness. The Executive and Congress, however slow in spontaneous movement, must yield to the will of the people. If the people are not utterly besotted, laboring under that judicial blindness which precedes destruction, they will now call upon their official servants to attract black volunteers instead of compelling white conscripts, and thus at once cripple the enemy and save the nation.

A CASE OF POLITICAL HARI-KARI.

A CAUSE on whose side is justice, and which appeals to the reason and conscience of man, is always furthered by a simple exposition of the sentiments of its adversaries. The Abolitionists, from the beginning, allowed slavery a hand in digging her own pit, by reproducing her portrait, self-painted in a thousand hideous ways. The ordinary chronicle of Southern society in Southern prints; Legree's advertisement of his maimed runaways; the gloatings of Parson Brownlow over the burning of a slave; these were the coarser daubs of the artist fiend. Not less effective were the smooth disguises of apologists and champions, by which the system had hopes to live and yet was made to die. All were faithfully copied into the sketch-book, which the Anti-Slavery Society held ever up before the nation. This conduct of the reformers is a salutary example to any political party that is grounded on principle, and, as such, can have no desire, as it has no need, to resort to misrepresentation of its opponents, or to vulgar appeals to the ignorance and prejudices of its supporters. Its best documents for a campaign are those which most accurately present the issue of the hour, and which, by letting each side speak through its avowed representatives, exhibit the confidence that enforces a hearing and ultimately secures conviction.

It is not every election in which the dividing line 'twixt sheep and goats is so clearly drawn as in Ohio to-day; nor every canvass in which the weapons for the right are so plentifully furnished from the armory of the wrong. And perhaps the very best boomerang yet launched by the disloyal conspirators of that loyal State, is the letter of their exiled chief, Vallandigham, from his Canadiam asylum, under date of September 17. This eminent Christian martyr, being obviously disturbed in his gubernatorial dreams of bliss by the President's suspension of *habeas corpus*, indites an appeal to his backers with his usual clumsiness, but with unusual stupidity. He complains that the Copperheads had no warning of the thunderbolt with which executive tyranny disturbs their plottings for a reaction in 1864. He declares it a shocking outrage—the final stroke of despotism—for the government, when victorious in the field, to make sure that the fruit of its successes shall not be lost through the machinations of domestic traitors. His horror at the thought that the people of the North are subjected to a Military Dictator, finds expression in small capitals; but a kindred shudder for the white serfs of Jefferson Davis is suppressed—no doubt from lack of type sufficiently large. The impartial eye of the outlaw can discern no emergency to warrant the President's last encroachment upon popular liberties; it perceives in the South Confederates only, not rebels, and in the North no serpents, but only so many doves. In the absence of any pretext for the action of the Administration, Vallandigham seeks and reveals the motive: "Shade of Burnside; it is to prevent my being made Governor of Ohio!" Then follows this solemn adjuration:

"In the name and by the memory of your fathers, and as you would secure the blessings of liberty to yourselves and your children, I invoke you to defend the right of election and the ballot-box by all the means which the exigencies of the case may demand."

Read, print, and circulate, Loyal Leagues and men of the Buckeye State! What the prince of Copperheads permits to his partisans in your midst, he denies to the nation at large. The people went up to the polls in 1860, and said, We choose for our President Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. The South kicked over the ballot-box, and said, Your election is null. What remained, O Vallandigham! but to "defend the right of election and the ballot-box by all the means which the exigencies of the case demanded?" The freemen of the North responded, We will! And when the South resorted to arms, they accepted the exigency, albeit it was war. Democrats and Republicans, men of all parties, professions, and creeds, struck hands and donned the blue of the soldier to fight for these ideas; the right of self-government, the preservation of the Democratic principle, the integrity of the republic. Two years and more have passed since the conflict began. Why is it not ended, and free principles triumphant? Answer for thy opposition, thou enemy in the rear, that now justifiest the North in consenting to the wager of battle! Answer why the loyal States are distracted upon so plain and withal so dear an issue. Answer why all their energies are not concentrated to crush like an egg-shell this revolt against the ballot. Answer—but not with hypocrisy more transparent than gauze! We know what means thy invocation; forewarned, the honest voters of Ohio will be forearmed against border-ruffianism at the polls.

If the Democratic party be not already reduced to its lowest elements, and if there still cling to it some in whom a modicum of intelligence and patriotism exists, the letter of Vallandigham must produce a further winnowing of the enemies of the Administration, and a consequent addition to its friends. The wayfaring man can but reflect, when reminded of the growth of despotism at the North, that the South has an unpleasant reputation of suspending too frequently the *corpus*, as well as habitually the *habeas*, where slavery is concerned; that in order to set on foot this rebellion, she took the sense of an oligarchy instead of that of the people, on the question of secession; that for one press silenced or one tongue fettered at the North, a hundred have been gagged at the South; and that if Abraham Lincoln is a military dictator, there is no word which will define the power of Jefferson Davis. More than this: a particle of logic will suffice to convince the humblest reasoner that he who urges us to cease from the war, and to receive the South once more into our bosom, does in fact conspire to fasten upon us irrevocably the very evils into which he pretends we have fallen; so that, even if we allow the choice to be between two, we are sure that the Southern evil is the greater, both in theory and in practice, than our own. So, whatever may have been Vallandigham's chances hitherto, it is to be hoped he has by his last utterance secured his doom. No form of God's retributive justice is so striking, in individuals or in nations, as suicide. As slavery, by her own volition, fell upon her own sword, it is likely this generation will witness the destruction of her adherents in a precisely similar manner. Let no one be anxious to restrain them. N.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE.

WE had intended before this time to mention to our readers the cessation of this excellent little English paper, which has died, like Moses, without entering the promised land, yet in good hope that it will soon be possessed by the Lord's people.

The Advocate, neatly printed and well edited, has regularly appeared in London on the first of every month, from October, 1852, to July of the present year. Its purpose was to supply a want long and deeply felt by many friends of the slave in Great Britain, the want of a faithful report of matters in the United States, both of the labors of Abolitionists and of other events concerning slavery, whether by help or hindrance. This purpose was well fulfilled. At the close of its short but useful life, those who founded it can look back with satisfaction upon a career of unblemished faithfulness to the cause of the American slave.

The conductors of *The Advocate* proposed not only to give a record of True Abolitionism, but to make a just portraiture of slavery and slaveholders, and of the Northern allies of slavery, commercial, political, and clerical, as far as its limits would permit; and to refute the false statements freely made by all these parties, alike to whiten the slaveholding system and to blacken its opponents. They endeavored, by disseminating information, by answering questions, and by making suggestions of appropriate anti-slavery action to the English people, to bring that people more extensively to sympathize with the oppressed negro, and to aid his cause on the continent, as they had long before done in the islands of America.

These hopes, as we know, were only partially realized. But it should not be forgotten that *The Advocate* has given very important aid in keeping a minority of the people of Great Britain and Ireland faithful to the cause of anti-slavery. But for the labors of its able and assiduous editor, Richard D. Webb, Esq., a still larger proportion of the English people would have been led astray by the artifices of rebel slaveholders, and befogged by the really puzzling complications into which our affairs have fallen. The American correspondence of *The Advocate* (much of it contributed by our esteemed fellow-laborer the Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society), the judicious selections made by its editor from the press, Northern and Southern, of our country, and the editor's own articles, explaining much that would else have misled the casual reader, and stimulating the friends of anti-slavery to constant coöperation with us, have undoubtedly been of great service to our cause in the mother country. To him and them the heartiest thanks of all Abolitionists are due.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE RIOT.

AT the time when large numbers of working men were passing through Printing House Square to their dinner on the second day of the riot, the attention of the writer was fixed upon a noisy fellow on the sidewalk directly in front of the *Tribune* office. He was talking in a very excited manner and gesticulating violently to a crowd of men and boys who frequently cheered his incendiary speech. He regretted the failure of the mob in their attempts to destroy the *Tribune* buildings, and urged his hearers to make another attempt. Mr. Greeley received a large share of abuse mingled with threats. While he was engaged in pouring out threats and curses, and suggesting the use of paving-stones, to be followed with turpentine and matches, one of his hearers said something which kindled his anger to the fighting pitch, and he squared off striking his auditor right and left in the face and eyes, pursuing him savagely with hard blows across the square to the railroad track, when a young scoundrel of sixteen, wearing a dirty shirt and a torn hat, jumped up and struck the unfortunate victim a hard blow, others joined, and if the bleeding man had not taken to his heels there might have been another funeral the following day. This affair was hardly over when there was a general rush toward the City Hall on the steps of which stood Gov. Seymour making a speech to the rioters, and others who had collected in front of him. By the time the writer reached the Park the crowd was so great it was impossible to get near enough to hear distinctly the words of the speaker, besides it was dangerous to elbow one's way through such a mob, for it was a monster with many heads and little thought and less feeling.

The Governor was looking very pale and his voice was husky as though it came from a throat parched with fear. Almost every sentence he uttered was cheered, but the cheers came with tigers and they are frightful things. On the right hand of the Governor, and next to him, stood the pugnacious rioter who had made himself so conspicuous in the Square and he was so delighted with the sentiments uttered by his Excellency he frequently patted him on the shoulder, sometimes he seized him by the hand, at other times he swayed his hat and gave the signal for cheers. When the speech was ended, the rioter grasped the soft white hand of the Governor in his huge paws and gave him a tremendous shaking. The performance of this rowdy was witnessed by many thousands of spectators who can swear to the truthfulness of this statement. In the hopes that a description of his person may lead to his arrest, if he has not yet fallen into the hands of justice, we will attempt a sketch of his personal appearance.

He wore a dark low-crowned hat, and blue coat, was a man rather below the ordinary stature, with dark hair, rather long at that time, and when he lifted his hat it fell over his forehead in unkempt masses, making him look like the savage highwaymen we see in pictures.

It will be remembered by some who remained long enough with the crowd that this fellow made an unsuccessful attempt to address the mob from the steps of the City Hall. He afterwards returned to Printing House Square, but could not find friends enough to attempt the task of demolition and arson he had contemplated.

Collector Barney is in Washington on a visit to Secretary Chase. Ex-Governor Morgan is also in Washington.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5, 1863.

I HAVE lately been at Washington as one of a committee to get from the War Department added facilities for the promotion of black enlistments. We found the Secretary prepared to listen to our suggestions and to comply with all our requests. He was for pursuing the work with all possible vigor, and that on the most pronounced anti-slavery principles. Of this you may judge when I tell you that he expressed himself ready to enlarge the field of our Supervisory Committee's operations to any practicable extent, and to afford them every needed advantage for the promotion of their work. *Camp William Penn* is to be converted into a barracks, and to be continued with some permanency as a recruiting station for infantry. Other posts are to be established further South for the recruitment and training of black artillery and colored cavalry. A camp is to be opened at Harper's Ferry to be called *Camp John Brown!* Think of that Master Brooks! What will *what-an-ass-am-i* Wise, when he hears of it, say to the new outrage?

In the excepted States, as well as in the States under the proclamation, slaves are to be enlisted, with or without the consent of their masters. As compensation, the latter are to be entitled to a descriptive list, which, on proof of their loyalty, will insure them the payment of $300, the "substitute" money provided by law for the relief of drafted men. The former are to be entitled to their liberty, without any danger, when the war shall be over, of being returned to their masters.

So you see the Secretary is fully up to the anti-slavery mark; and you also note that the work of suppressing the rebellion and promoting Emancipation go hand in hand and with equal step. For one accompanies the other as an inexorable necessity. The army is the gate through which the children of Africa are to pass out of the house of bondage. They, like their prototypes of old, must pass through the *red* sea, before they can enter into the land of freedom.

On my way to Washington I stopped at Birney Barracks, near Baltimore, and spent a day with my old friend Col. Wm. Birney the commandant at that post. The barracks are in the immediate suburbs of the city on what is called "Druid Hill," about 2½ miles from the centre of the town and at the end of one of its chief horse-railways. Noted as Baltimore is for its plug-uglies, and close as is the proximity of this camp, there has not yet been, nor does there seem likely to be, the slightest collision between the soldiers and the people. Indeed the conduct of the former is in such marked contrast with that of their white predecessors, who had previously occupied the barracks, that the residents of the neighborhood express themselves as grateful for the change. Not only is the behavior of the men better, but the condition of the whole establishment shows a marked improvement. The grounds are kept in nice order; the houses are in better repair; the kitchens are tidier and the hospital quarters are purer and more comfortable. The latter, by the way, are under the care of Mrs. Birney, the wife of the Colonel, who is aided by two Quaker ladies of Baltimore and looking after the sick and otherwise providing for those who need attention.

The appearance and behavior of the men under drill and on dress parade were creditable to all concerned. Regular army officers who have visited them have been heard to say that they never witnessed such proficiency after so short a training.

There was one full regiment at the barracks and the beginning of another; and this latter was in a fair way of being soon filled; for when I stopped there a few days afterward, recruits—nearly all of them slaves—were coming in at the rate of from fifty to a hundred a day. Of the completed regiment, only about one half were, or had been rather, chattels personal. Of the new one forming, full nine-tenths, as things were going, would be of this condition. I saw a squad of 120 come in, every man of whom till that hour had been the "property of his master." They were all from the Eastern Shore, and some fifty odd of them from the famous Lloyd estates on Miles River Neck. It would have done even a Copperhead good to hear the shout that rose from the camp as the happy procession entered the gate, and to witness the handshaking and embracing and other ebullitions of joy that ensued when the meeting parties came together. A few weeks before they were all plantation slaves; now they were free men and soldiers of the United States! And then the singing that followed that night and the thanksgivings that went up from the prayer-meetings held in different parts of the camp! It is not often that one witnesses in manifestations so large a sum of human joy. The whole camp was resonant that night till the tatoo drum sounded the signal for silence.

The steamer that brought in these recruits was to return the next day for another load, and I was seized with a desire to accompany the officer in charge, and see for myself how the thing was done. Friends encouraged me to obey the feeling, and the next morning found me on board the Cecil, steaming down the Chesapeake on my unpremeditated mission. We were bound for Easton, the Court-house town in Talbot County, and one of the most bitterly pro-slavery and secesh places in the State. We anchored at the wharf, from which the town is about a mile distant; and meanwhile, the whistle of our engine having announced to the whole region the fact of our arrival. As we walked up in the direction of the main street we heard a chorus in the distance, and soon perceived approaching us, on their way to the boat a large company of blacks, walking double file, and singing at the top of their voices. When they saw us—that is when they saw Captain Mayer, the recruiting officer, and the two black soldiers in Uncle Sam's blue behind us, they raised their hymn to a higher pitch, and as they passed us—still singing—they waved their hats in the air with the most vehement enthusiasm. All this, mind you, was in Easton, in Talbot County, Maryland; in broad daylight, and right under the eyes of the slaveholders! and not an audible word was uttered in deprecation!

Gentlemen in the place to whom I had brought letters, and at least one of whom was a slaveholder, assured me that the opposition was disarmed and that the people as a whole were entirely acquiescent. That unconditional Unionism was the prevailing sentiment of the community, and a hearty support of the government in all its measures held to be the duty of every loyal citizen. All I saw and heard, while I was there, served to corroborate these statements. Gen. Goldsboro, who had, a few weeks before, threatened that any man who would attempt to take a slave of his away to make a soldier of him, should have his "head severed from his shoulders," now led the Unconditional Union ticket as candidate for comptroller, having two of his slaves, without opposition on his part, at Birney Barracks as volunteers. A gentleman whom I met at the hotel where I stopped, told me that his father owned 14 slaves, and yet was an unconditional union man—in favor, as he said, of "immediate and unconditional emancipation *without compensation.*" This case I fancy, however, is an exceptional one, for I found that the $300 certificate was a potent argument with most in favor of the government policy; that sum being larger than any likley to be raised by them in the present state of the man market. I heard of one person, Mr. J-- B--, who though a Breckinridge Democrat and a reputed rebel, had pronounced in favor of immediate emancipation. He reasoned thus: 'Emancipation in Maryland is a foregone conclusion. Gov. Bradford, Ex-Gov. Hicks, and others, recognizing this fact, propose to make it gradual. To this I am opposed, as they are taking away my able-bodied men, I object to the passage of a law which will compel me to support for twenty years my women and children.' Another person, whose name was mentioned, Mr. J—P—, a secesh owner of 40 slaves, was reported as holding the same sentiments.

It is quite evident that unconditional Unionism, which is only another name for immediate emancipationism, is the prevailing sentiment in that part of Maryland; and if in that part, *a fortiori* in other parts, while there are fewer slaveholders.

The non-slaveholders favor the policy of slave enlistments because, among other and more creditable reasons, it diminishes their chances of being drafted. Slaveholders who are loyal favor it because they are loyal, and because in no other way are they likely to get so much money for their human property. As for the secesh they are of no account; they are whipped and cowed, and their opinions are not consulted. They are of no more consideration politically, than the "poor white trash" whom they have been accustomed to [illegible] and despise. Col. Edward Lloyd, the owner of the 10 Miles River Neck estates, with—till latey—more than 500 slaves, has now probably no more influence in Talbot County than has Landlord Wolliston, of the Union Hotel, or any other non-slaveholder who bestirs himself to promote the interests of the government. The day of slaveholding dominance in Maryland is gone; and the hour of conservative gradualism, which assumes to take its place, will soon follow. Maryland is on the eve of great social and economical regeneration.

—In addition to the company mentioned as on their way to the boat immediately after our arrival, others—all slaves—had been coming in through the night; so that by sunrise next day we had a load and the boat was ready to return. There was a great throng present to witness our departure—chiefly the wives and sisters of the recruits—and we put off amid the mutual good-byes and God-bless-yous of those on board and those on shore. For awhile a quiet sadness prevailed, but soon a consciousness of the happy change in their condition began to manifest itself, and the whole deck of the boat, from forecastle, to stern was alive with music and dancing. In so large a group of negroes of course there must be a banjo, and the power to sing everyone knows is an endowment of the black race, so music and dancing we had to our heart's content. It was kept up from the hour we started till we reached the dock at Baltimore. I improved the time by talking respectively with the people, with the officers who accompanied them, and with two Marylanders, good Union men, who were among the passengers. One of these latter was Mr. John Comgill, a faithful reader of your paper and a hearty colaborer of Col. Birney. The other was Mr. J. B. McNeill, an equally ardent Union man, and, though by birthright a slaveholder, an equally zealous anti-slavery man. "One of our slaves," said he "is on board, among the recruits. I have just been talking to him." "Well, what did you say to him?" "I told him that if he got into a fight to see that he did no discredit to the family he was raised in."

Among the slaves—now slaves no more—I found several of Col. Lloyd's, from Wye Heights, who knew, when he was a boy, Frederick Douglass. They described his appearance, as it must then have been, and gave quite an accurate account of his old master, Captain Anthony. They were pleased when I told them that I knew "Fred," that I had seen him but a few weeks before, and that he was actively engaged in the work of liberating his brethren. They had heard a "heap" about Fred, and wished he would come down there and labor there for the cause; a wish in which I heartily concurred. For he might do so under the broad pennon of the Union, without the least danger, and with the happiest effects. With an U. S. soldier at his side, he might stand on the piazza of his old master's house, and address the assembled negroes of all the estates in the presence of all the Lloyd's, Lowndes's, and other masters of those properties, without injury to a single hair of his curly head. I doubt if any man could be brought there whose presence could produce so profound a sensation, or whose labors would be attended with better effect.

I talked also with Lieut. Beman, an officer who had been down on the shore for some weeks beating up recruits. He said he could go where he pleased and do what he liked without opposition. The masters made no resistance and the slaves were his fast friends. The latter needed little persuasion to induce them to enlist. All he had to do was to go into one of the big fields, and show himself and his uniform, and if he should see a slave plowing in the distance, to beckon to him. Instantly the man would leave his oxen in the furrow and come and join him.

We reached Washington about 5 o'clock that afternoon. In an hour or two afterwards our boat load of recruits, 124 in number, preceded by a band that had been sent out to meet them, entered the gate of the barracks. The soldiers of the camp were off duty and were there to see. Acclamations rent the air, and handshaking and mutual huggings ensued. Then the new comers were marched off to their quarters.

That evening we had a grand concert. Sitting in the Colonel's office after tea, with that gentleman and others, the sound of a full chorus of men's voices suddenly burst upon our ears. It was the compliment of a serenade, tendered, by the permission and partly at the instance of the Colonel, to one of the visitors then present. On going to the door we saw a full regiment, drawn up solidly, in column by companies, singing with characteristic energy one of their anthems. I call it *anthem* because I know not what other name to give it. I could catch but a few of the words, and had no other way of judging of its character than by its effect. The only words distinctly intelligible were:

> "They look like men of war,
> A-marching around;
> They look like men of war."

The next piece they sang was more familiar. It was:

> "The poor old slave is gone at last,
> We know that he is free;
> Disturb him not, but let him rest
> Away down in Tennessee."

After that they sung the John Brown song, upon the conclusion of which the Colonel introduced the visitor for whom the compliment was intended, requesting that he would make a few remarks—a request that was promptly complied with. "Words," the speaker said, "could not express the joy he felt nor describe the emotions that for the last few days had filled his bosom. He had seen, in part, the desire of his eyes. The work of emancipation had begun. He had seen in that brief space men by hundreds pass from the condition of chattel property into that of acknowledged freemen. He had been down through the old slave region that used to be a continual wail, and found it an unceasing hymn of praise. 'It is the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes.' Truly, as had been sung, while John Brown's body was 'mouldering in the ground,' his soul was 'marching on.' It had been the speaker's privilege to help bear that honored body from the place of execution to the place where it was to be buried. We brought it,' said he, '—all that the slave tyrants had left of the old hero—through Maryland, near by this very spot, and carried it to the family's mountain home in North Elba, where we buried it under the shadow of a great rock. There it lies mouldering in the ground; but the soul that once animated it is marching through the land consummating the great work so hopefully begun."

The speaker exhorted his hearers to be faithful and true to their duty; to acquit themselves like men, and, in camp and field, to prove themselves worthy of the vocation with which they were called. He was listened to with the deepest attention. The fact, incidentally mentioned, that he had seen and actually helped to bury the body of John Brown caused them to receive what he had to say with a deference almost approaching to awe. The whole scene was striking.

That solemn, solid, dusky mass, under those "Druid" oaks in the soft moonlight, was a fit subject for a painter.

—So you see the good work in Maryland is hopefully onward. Col. Birney says he could find employment for three steamboats in bringing away recruits from the shores of the Chesapeake. The Colonel is to be made a Brigadier, and is to have new powers and added facilities for carrying on his work.

And as the cause progresses in Maryland, so it moves *pari passu* in the good old State of Pennsylvania. We of this honored Commonwealth used to be pro-slavery hunkers and southernized Democrats; now we are unconditionally loyal, and for the Union without reserve. As a test, negro enlistments are in high favor. Camp William Penn is flourishing. We have completed our second regiment and are filling up our third. On the 23d ult. we had a grand review at the camp, at which Maj.-Gen. George Cadwallader presided. There were about 3,000 spectators to witness it. The men went through the evolutions admirably, and elicited the warmest encomiums from all present. At the close of the review, speeches were made by ex-Gov. Johnston, Judge Shannon of Pittsburg, Samuel Cadwallader and Miss Anna E. Dickinson. All spoke in the highest terms of the appearance and behavior of the troops, and of the policy of employing such men for the suppression of the rebellion. Gen. Cadwallader, till now regarded as a pro-slavery hunker, said he would not desire to command a finer regiment than the one that stood before him.

Last Saturday we had a parade of all the men in the camp—a regiment and a half—through the streets of Philadelphia. They made a fine appearance. Col. Wagner, commandant of the post, was at their head, assisted by Col. Ames, of the completed regiment, and Capt. Fribley, who is to have command of the regiment now forming. The column was kept in time by a full corps of drummers, all black, and all adepts at their calling. The procession moved through the principal streets of the city, receiving no demonstrations but those of approval. They were dined at the two Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, and their decorous behavior there was the subject of general remark. The whole thing went off with the greatest *eclat*.

Thus, you see, the work goes on, and the revolution steadily approaches its completion. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 5, 1863.

THE delegation of "Radicals" from Missouri, as some of the papers term them (I prefer the phrase "unconditional Union men of Missouri") have had their interview with the President, once and twice have they argued the whole question at length with Mr. Lincoln, and I hear they are not satisfied with the result. Mr. Lincoln does not seem to agree with them, and gives them no promise of a change of his policy in Missouri. On the other hand, he praises Gen. Schofield and makes a pretty strong argument against the unconditional Unionists. But Mr. Lincoln is a curious man. He delights, apparently, in surprises. No one will forget his sudden change on the great subject of emancipation. He argued with the Chicago delegation against the propriety of an edict of emancipation—and issued it one week thereafter. So it will not do to place too much reliance upon the fact that Mr. Lincoln gives no open encouragement to the Missouri delegation. It is a fact, however, that the leading members of it do not feel encouraged by what they have heard from the President. Their case is a very strong one, and simple justice would seem to compel the President to redress their grievances. But he has his own ideas upon the subject, and may disappoint the anti-slavery portion of the community. Mr. Lincoln sometimes makes lamentable blunders. He may be about to make one now; but it should not be forgotten that he has sometimes *seemed* to be entering a path which would certainly lead to pro-slavery conservatism, yet the result was just the contrary. Even if he decides against the loyal, suffering Missourians his friends will wait and see the final result. There is no doubt, I suppose, about one thing—the request of the Kansas people to have their State made a separate department will be agreed to. Senator Lane has succeeded in accomplishing something for his State, and should have the credit for the work. It remains to be seen, however, *who* will be put in command in Kansas.

I think I see in this Missouri imbroglio an attempt on the part of some people to make capital for and against certain gentlemen as Presidential candidates in 1864. This should not be. Let the Presidential contest be postponed, thoroughly and entirely, till next Spring. All cliques and parties should unite most cordially in carrying on the war and lay aside all rivalries for high place till next June comes round. When the hour arrives it will probably bring *the man* with it. Let the best man be nominated—*and elected.* It is to be hoped, certainly, that Mr. Lincoln will see the great importance of acting with his friends, and not with his enemies, in this matter.

The Republicans of Washington have been a good deal amused at the conduct of the members of the Cabinet, upon whom the Missouri delegation waited after they had seen the President. Mr. Chase received them frankly, and did not hesitate to avow his sympathy with their cause. But not a syllable of that kind did they extract from any other member of the Cabinet. Mr. Seward said his duties were not at home, but abroad; Mr. Welles was very busy attending to the navy (and he spoke truth, no doubt), while Mr. Stanton was attending to the army. But poor Mr. Usher, of the Interior Department, had the hardest time in acquitting himself of a speech. He did not say he wished the delegation success nor defeat, but he said he felt certain that the President would decide the matter right, in fact, whichever way he shall decide it, that would be the way it should be decided! He did not commit himself one way or the other, not a hair's breadth.

Several prominent politicians and office-holders have been here of late, not including the Missouri and Kansas delegations. Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, was here for two or three days. Mr. Cameron has been here from Pennsylvania. Senator Harris was here a few days from Albany; Mr. Gooch, ditto, from Massachusetts. There is a continual stream of Congressmen here, one after another, attending, I suppose, to the wants of their hungry constituents. As they come to ask for favors, I fear they are not always faithful to the President. Mr. Lincoln is a great deal more honest than most of these men who come to him for places. They flatter him, tell him he is the most popular man that ever lived—that his course is *just* right—that the people will stand by him whatever he does. They come after some desirable thing, and begin to bespatter the President with their fulsome praise. It makes one sick occasionally to see respectable men engaged in this nauseous and insincere business. A great deal that is said is true, but Mr. Lincoln must be a saint not to be bored by this mass of flattery. It hides the truth away from him quite often. It is surprising that he is so little affected by this continuous praise. He laughs at it sometimes, and is evidently aware of the insincerity of those who flatter. If he would but read the leading newspapers himself, it would be a great advantage to the Administration; but he does not, except upon occasions, trusting to his intimate friends to keep him posted in newspaper criticism.

The military situation is very much improved since last week. Rosecrans is now safe, and reënforcements are arriving at his headquarters every day and in sufficient numbers to warrant him in assuming the offensive within a few days, or weeks at the furthest. Burnside will retain his hold upon East Tennessee and Parson Brownlow may go on with his newspaper enterprise. It seems now very certain that we shall hold the advanced positions of our troops in the South-west at all points, let the enemy do his worst, and there are hopes of something better than this—that Rosecrans will soon be able to attack the enemy, and will defeat him. In that case Georgia falls into our hands, and the rebellion will be stunned by the terrible blow beyond recovery.

The Administration at one time was somewhat inclined, I think, to blame Rosecrans—just after the reverse—and it is a fact that he is not a *great* general. He is one of the best we have, however, and we cannot do any better than to make use of him. The most intelligent military critics here and at the West, who know him and have followed him in the field and in his reports, assert that he is nothing but a second-rate, cautious general. He is personally brave and daring, and with the Western troops this is worth a great deal. But he is by no means a man of such military genius as Grant. He will yet, however, win back his losses on the Chickamauga river and advance into the heart of Georgia.

To tell the honest truth, we have few first-class generals. We have but one or two (perhaps more) who are the equals of Gen. Lee. Gen. Meade is not a brilliant man, but he is a good and safe commander. He has not Hooker's daring qualities, but he is prunent and sober. He is by no means as timid as McClellan was, though he is very cautious. He has no idea of pushing on to Richmond across the Rapidan. If he did, he would be repulsed. The position of the enemy is a very strong one, and in it he is safe with thirty thousand men. AVON.

THE GLOBE HOTEL, OR COLORED SAILORS' HOME, No. 2 Dover street, under the patronage of the American Seaman's Friend Society, having been greatly damaged by a lawless mob, its inmates driven out of the house at the peril of their lives, and plundered of all its furniture, a valuable library, and wearing apparel, and its business suspended for near three months by the riot of 13th July last, has now been thoroughly repaired, freshly painted, and refurnished with new furniture, *bed* and *bedding*. It is also heated throughout with *hot air*, and abundantly supplied with hot and cold water baths for daily ablution. Its sanitary arrangements are admirably adapted for such an establishment, calculated as it is for a large number of boarders.

Although this house was ostensibly established for the accommodation of colored seamen, on strict *temperance principles*, and also for their *moral* and *social* elevation, in which 450 seamen have boarded during the first eleven months before the riot, many clergymen and the better class of transient travellers have made this house their stopping place during their visit to this city.

MR. WILLIAM P. POWELL, the proprietor, is well known by our merchants and business community, for the last twenty-four years, as an enterprising, worthy colored citizen, and is certainly entitled to great credit for his persistent determination to reopen his house in the same place. We therefore earnestly but respectfully hope that he may be sustained and protected in his useful and lawful concerns, in common with our other fellow-citizens.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S COACHMAN.—We have had a visit at our office from William A. Jackson, the escaped coachman of Jefferson Davis. Our readers will remember that Mr. Jackson, about a year ago, left this city for England. Immediately on his arrival there, he found opportunities for usefulness in public speaking, under the auspices of the Union and Emancipation League. He has publicly spoken four times a week, on an average, every week since last Christmas. He was so well received by the English people that he contemplates a return to England during the Winter.

THE PRESIDENT'S HABITS are thus described by *The Herald*:

Just now the President reaches his business office, which is situated in the rear portion of the second story of the White House, from his Summer residence the Soldier's Home, about four miles from the National Capital, at precisely 8 o'clock a.m. Taking leave of his cavalry guard he proceeds at once to the executive room, where he holds a conference with his accomplished and engaging private Secretary, John Hay, Esq., one of the finest types of our young American manhood. This interview turns upon the correspondence received during the interval beginning the previous evening, all of which is arranged, digested, and disposed of by the President and his confidential Secretary. This usually occupies some two hours, the succeeding hour being devoted to a perusal of the leading journals of the country, the leading one of which—*The Herald*—the writer remembers to have seen lying

Want of space and a sense of justice compel us to cut short the above account just here.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Francis Perea has been elected delegate to Congress from New Mexico.

The Diocesan Protestant Episcopal Convention adjourned about midnight on Friday last.

The Russian Admiral has accepted the invitation to visit Boston with his fleet. The time is not yet fixed.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has returned to England from the Continent. His numerous admirers will be glad to know that he is so far on his homeward way.

Col. Trusten Polk, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, was captured at Bolivar Landing, Arkansas, on the 18th instant, together with his wife and two daughters.

Mr. John Xavins, United States Consul at Manzanillo, has been removed by order of Secretary Seward for an attempt to ignore the Juarez government. The Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs had issued an able protest against the arrest of Mexican Consuls by the French government.

Rev. George C. Robinson, recently Pastor of Union Chapel, Cincinnati, and son-in-law of Rev. Abel Stevens, died at the residence of his father in Wellsboro, Pa., Sept. 21, aged 30 years.

Gen. Scott still walks erect, eats his dinners and drinks his wine with generosity and gusto. He is writing, without the aid of secretaries, a history of his campaigns.

The Independent says: "Chaplain Horace James has been appointed King of Roanoke Island. At least, he is authorized to assign lands, govern the negro colony there, and do whatever he pleases."

Miss Anna E. Dickinson, the eloquent Quakeress, is addressing large Union meetings in Pennsylvania. At Easton, so great was the crowd that hundreds of persons were unable to get into the hall where she was speaking.

Charles A. Dana, formerly of the New York *Tribune*, is still acting as Assistant Secretary of War, and lately joined Gen. Rosecrans's headquarters, fresh from Washington, in that capacity. He was similarly with Gen. Grant through all the Vicksburg campaign.

Gen. William Preston, one of the rebel generals wounded at the Chickamauga battle, was the former United States minister to Spain. His first act in the service of the rebel Confederacy was to visit Richmond as a commissioner from the secession State Government of Kentucky, which was formed by a so-called Sovereignity Convention which met at Russelville.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Of the 8,000 Union soldiers wounded in the recent battles in Northern Georgia, only 2,000 received serious hurts.

A dispatch from Nashville states that the rebels last week destroyed the large railroad bridge south of Murfreesboro.

A correspondent of the Nashville *Union* reports that Gen. Joe Johnston was badly wounded in the battle of Chickamauga.

Major Sidney Coolidge, of Boston, reported to have been killed at Chattanooga, is a prisoner, supposed to be wounded. He was second in command of the regulars under Brig-Gen. John H. King.

Gen. Blunt and staff arrived at Fort Scott on Wednesday, Sept. 23. He will be there until the 12th of next month, to finish up the recruiting business and make final settlement of the claims of the Kansas brigade.

A St. Louis paper says that the Department of Kansas will be commanded by Gen. McNeil. Gen. Curtis declined the honor of succeeding Blunt, who, report says, is under arrest.

Advices from Little Rock to the 25th ultimo state that over 2,000 Arkansas Unionists have joined our army at different points. Two newspapers have been revived at Little Rock.

The rebels have determined to make a stout resistance against the passage of the Rapidan by the Army of the Potomac. Lee has strongly fortified his position on the south bank of the Rapidan, and earthworks and rifle-pits are constructed at every one of the fords.

There has been a brush between our gunboats and the rebel fort at Grant's Pass, near the entrance of Mobile Bay, in which the fort was believed to have been materialy damaged, as well as a rebel iron-clad that for a brief time participated in the engagement.

The Era publishes a startling story to the effect that Jeff. Davis had been plotting for the destruction of all our steamboats on the Lower Mississippi on Ohio Rivers, by incendiaries. It is asserted that the burning of the steamer Ruth was the first fruits of this scheme.

By an arrival at Fortress Monroe from Charleston Bar we learn that the batteries in process of construction by Gen. Gillmore were progressing rapidly, in spite of the constant and annoying fire from rebel batteries, to which our working parties are subjected.

The transport Fulton, From Charleston Bay, 3d inst., arrived on Tuesday morning. She brings no war news of importance. The gunboat Queen, from Morris Island, also arrived on Tuesday. Also the steamer Cosmopolitan, with 220 sick and wounded soldiers.

It is stated in a dispatch from Washington that Rosecrans has at last been heavily reënforced. Communication between the Army of the Cumberland and Washington has been firmly established. On the 28th ult., the enemy attacked our left flank, but were repulsed after a two hours fight, with severe loss.

Rebel accounts from Charleston confirm the reports that Gen. Gillmore has again become actively aggressive. He opened a vigorous fire on the 1st inst. against Sumter with his 200-pounder Parrotts, and paid a passing compliment occasionally to the other rebel works. The result is not stated.

A letter from Nashville, 27th inst., says; "Since Thursday last reënforcements have been pouring down to Chattanooga, and on that day some 20 and 30-pounder Parrott guns, lying here unused since Nashville fell, were forwarded. The finest troops which have passed through the city were the 15th Regulars. They marched like machinery, and stood firm and erect as statues."

A dispatch from the Army of the Cumberland, dated Saturday, 3d inst., states that the prospect of success for the army is not only brightening, but really good, and that if Bragg attacks he will most likely be defeated. Every day's delay adds to the strength of our position, and increases the efficiency of our troops, who are now abundantly supplied with provisions and ammunition, and are full of confidence.

The attack of rebel guerillas on our cavalry camp near Langley's Station, on Thursday night, proves to have been not only a bold, but a very successful affair, inasmuch as our troops were apparently all asleep, and must, of course, have been wholly unprotected by the proper posting of sentries. All the horses belonging to the United States cavalry were carried off by the rebels, together with thirteen horses attached to the Quartermaster's Department and twenty prisoners.

According to a dispatch from Knoxville in the Louisville *Journal*, Gen. Burnside holds the County south from Knoxville to Calhoun, on the Hiawassa river and the Western and Atlantic Railroads. This is but twenty-five miles from Kingston, the meeting-place of the Western and Atlantic and Rome railways. East of Knoxville, Burnside reaches to Greenville on the East Tennessee and Virginia railway, possessing all the passes into North Carolina. His right wing is in communication with Rosecrans, and his position all that could be desired.

An expedition under the command of Capt. Kerr, of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, returned to Norfolk on Oct. 2, from a scout on the Atlantic coast as far as the State line of North Carolina. Besides obtaining some important information, Capt. Kerr destroyed four salt works that have been preparing that much-needed article for the rebels. It was only in June last that these works were demolished by Major Murray, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth New York, but since that time they have been rebuilt, and were in full operation. No guerillas were seen, but it was ascertained that six small boats, filled with them, crossed Currituck Sound on Monday last.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

A TOUCHING LETTER—PATRIOTISM OF A MINISTER.

Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, D.D., of New York, is one of the ablest of the Congregationlist ministers of this city. Recently he lost his son John, a sergeant in one of the New York regiments. In a private note to a Boston friend, which private note has got into the newspapers, Dr. Thompson says of the sad event: "Ever since John died, I have been anxious again to have a right arm in the service. But Joseph, not yet nineteen, was too young to be drafted or to volunteer as a private. When, however, I saw men shirking the draft, and the government failing for troops, I said to him, Go link my name and your destiny with the destiny of the blacks and the defence of the country. He passed a creditable examination at Washington, and Joseph P. Thompson, Jr., is commissioned a First Lieutenant in the 2d regiment United States Colored Troops, forming in Maryland under Col. W. Birney, son of the late James G. He had just been admitted Sophomore at Williams. I know the cost, but the cause is great."

NEGRO SOLDIERS.

Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, has written a letter to Secretary Stanton, urging the employment of the commutation money of conscripts in obtaining for military servive able-bodied negroes in Maryland and other loyal slave States, either as bounties to free colored men, or compensation to loyal masters for the manumission of their slaves for that purpose. Judge Holt is fully convinced that negroes make the best of soldiers. He declares that "the prejudice against employing them is rapidly giving way and never had any foundation in reason or loyalty. *It originated with and has been diligently matured by those in sympathy with the rebellion, and its utterance at this moment is necessarily in the interests of treason.*"

Such is the opinion of a loyal Southern man and War Democrat. Our Northern "moral-suasion," Copperhead "Democrats" do not agree with him.—*Concord (N. H.) Democrat.*

THE COLORED SOLDIERS CAPTURED BEFORE CHARLESTON.

The editor of the Savannah *Republican* wrote from Charleston on the 29th ult., as follows:

"I have omitted to state in previous letters that the captured negroes who were turned over to the State by the military authorities a few weeks ago were brought up for trial under the laws of South Carolina on Monday. On motion of counsel on either side the cases were postponed until next Tuesday week. Able counsel have been assigned the prisoners, and other steps taken to secure them a fair and impartial trial. Public sentiment here is against the rigid execution of the law, and I shall not be surprised if a plea in defence that they were acting not of their free will, but under compulsion, should avail in securing a verdict of acquittal."

The slavemongers are paving the way for another back-down. How many times has the black flag been raised and lowered by them during the war? All prisoners were to be handed over to the State authorities. Straight and his command were to be hung for inciting insurrections. Flynn and Sawyer were to be shot. Officers of negro regiments were to be killed on sight. Negroes were to be murdered or sold into slavery. When the time came for putting these threats into execution the slavemongers, like other blusterers, have crawfished out of them. The cry "wolf" will not even frighten Peace Democrats after a while.

NEGRO TROOPS.

A correspondent of *The Reflector* at Morris Island writes as follows respecting the Massachusetts 54th colored regiment, on the Island:

I do not need to dilate on events that have recently irradiated the banners of these troops with glory. They have vindicated their claims to manhood and liberty; they have extorted respect. In this department, where a year ago I heard the negro soldiers saluted with contemptuous cheers and bitter derision as they passed by our white regiments, the man would certainly be deemed a madman who should dream of dispensing with the spades or the bayonets of the negroes now enrolled.

A single incident out of many may illustrate the working of the enlistment movement. Early in July we had a body of troops on James Island, in the presence of the enemy, who greatly outnumbered them. There were two roads nunning nearly at right angles that required to be strongly picketed. One was held by the 10th Connecticut, the other by the 54th Massachusetts (colored), Col. Shaw. The enemy suddenly appeared in overwhelming force, numbering some six thousand, and endeavored to push down the road held by the 54th Massachusetts, for the purpose of cutting off the 10th Connecticut. Had the 54th given way, the retreat of the 10th would have been cut off, and they would have been absolutely annihilated or captured. But the 54th held the road heroically, with a loss of about 50, until the 10th had effected their retreat, when they too retired. The effect of this action was electric. The boys of the 10th Connecticut could not help loving the men who had saved them from destruction. I have been deeply affected at hearing this feeling expressed both by officers and men of the Connecticut regiment. And probably a thousand homes, scattered from Windham to Fairfield, have been told in letters the story, how the dark-skinned heroes fought the good fight, and covered with their own brawny breasts the retreat of the brothers and sons and fathers of Connecticut. Every such event is of itself a proclamation of Emancipation and enfranchisement.

THE NEGRO IN THE WAR.

There is no evidence that the Confederates are arming their negroes, or that they have determined to do it. The subject is up for discussion among them; a public meeting in Mississippi lately recommended the arming of fifty thousand slaves, and the Georgia and Alabama Legislatures have passed resolutions in favor of employing negroes in the military service as laborers merely; this is as far as the rebels have got in the matter of introducing the negro into the war. The Southern papers are decidedly against the measure. Nevertheless it is not improbable that it may yet be adopted. It will be the dernier resort manifestly, because to make a soldier of the slave is to free him, and, when the Confederacy calls on the negroes to help achieve its independence, it will by that act announce that it has abandoned the great object for which independence was sought, the strength and permanence of the peculiar institution. And when the time comes that the rebels shall despair of success without the aid of the negro, the serious question for them will be whether they can trust their slaves with arms. The London *Index*, the rebel organ in England, edited under the eye of Mr. Mason, has lately published a remarkable article on the subject, in which it is said that public opinion in the South is ripening for the measure, and it is argued that the negro's courage, implicit obedience and insensibility to danger fit him to become an excellent soldier. The only objection *The Index* sees to the measure is the fact that emancipation must go with it, and it "cannot disguise the terrible danger of thus subverting at one blow the whole social fabric of a great country." The object of *The Index* evidently is to create a belief that emancipation is likely to take place in the South under confederate rule, and thus to remove the great objection felt in England to the recognition of the Confederacy. Nevertheless it goes to confirm the fact that the rebel leaders are seriously considering the question of arming the slaves, and that they are likely to resort to so doubtful and desperate a measure when all other resources fail them.

It is well that we have the start of them. We have only some twenty negro regiments actually in the field, but many more are organizing, and it is believed that by the first of January we shall have fifty thousand black troops armed and in so forward a state of discipline as to be capable of valuable service. The government is now systematically enlisting slaves, not only in Maryland, but in Tennessee, paying to loyal masters for indemnity the $300 bounty, and ensuring the slaves their freedom. Recruiting stations have been opened at Nashville, Gallatin, and Murfreesboro in Tennessee, and the enterprise is to be pushed vigorously. No such effort in Kentucky is yet announced, and it may be doubtful whether the government will consider it prudent to put the loyalty of the slaveholders in that State to so severe a test. The obvious effect of the enlistment of slaves in the Border States is to use up slavery very rapidly. It will make little difference whether Maryland and Tennessee go for immediate or gradual emancipation, or against the measure altogether; if the able-bodied slaves of these States are enlisted as soldiers, the system must die out. In Maryland, under this enlistment scheme and the free escape of slaves, the Baltimore *American* says, the system is already so far gone that "pretty much all that remains to do is merely to perform some sort of requiem or dirge over its remains."

Summary.

James G. Barret was on Tuesday evening nominated by acclamation as the Union candidate for Mayor of Newark, N. J.

—The October term of the United States Court of Claims commenced yesterday at the Capitol. There are 163 cases entered on the trial docket for the term.

Hon. Erastus Corning has resigned his place as member of Congress from the Albany District of this State. Ill health and much private business are the causes.

Commander Bell, of the West Gulf Squadron, announces that a pernicious fever has broken out in the United States steamers at New Orleans, some instances of yellow fever having occurred.

The Commencement of the New York Free Academy, which was postponed last July in consequence of the riots, was celebrated in due form on Tuesday. The institution is flourishing finely.

Dobell's bureau and chair manufactory on Sixth street, Cincinnati, was destroyed by fire on Monday night. A lumber yard and three houses adjoining were damaged. Loss about $50,000; partially insured.

The Forrest divorce case is up again on an action by Mrs. Forrest to recover on a bond for $35,000 given to secure alimony, costs, etc. The bondsmen are Charles G. Havens and Joseph H. Godwin. The jury gave Mrs. F. a verdict of $45,209 58.

The Oyer and Terminer is engaged upon riot cases. In passing sentence rather mildly upon the first convict, Judge Barnard said: "I will say that in all cases of riot tried before me during this or any other term of this court, wherever the evidence will justify it, the offenders will receive no light sentences, but will meet the full penalty of the law, which may be imprisonment for a series of years and perhaps for life.

The complication between Germany and Denmark is again becoming serious. The Committee of the Federal Diet proposes the occupation of Holstein by 6,000 Federal troops. A vote was to be taken on the report on Oct. 1. Denmark has ordered the regimental lists to be filled up to the war strength by the same day.

The result of the first year's operation of the Internal Revenue act in the IIId (Boston) District of Massachusetts is as follows: Income tax, $500,000; Manufacturers' tax, $825,118; licenses, $362,918; bank stamp and insurance tax, $320,000—making a total of some $2,000,000. The receipts for the State will reach $10,000,000.

The President has issued a proclamation inviting his fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November, next, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, for his mercies and goodness, so abundantly vouchsafed to the nation during the current year.

Advices from Europe, three days later, have come by the steamship Saxonia, which passed Cape Race on Friday last. The truth of the rumor that Mason, the rebel envoy, intended to withdraw from Great Britain, in consequence of the rudeness to which he has been persistently subjected, is confirmed. He has officially notified Earl Russell of his withdrawal, in obedience to instructions from the rebel government.

Gen. Grant, on the 22d ult., issued an important order, regulating the cotton trade in his Department south of Helena. Actual residents, well disposed to the government, may bring into any military post on the river, cotton or other Southern products of which they are the *bona fide* owners, and ship it above or below, for sale on their own account. The concluding section of the order, absolutely *drives all cotton speculators out of the Department South of Helena.*

The reply of Russia, according to *The Nord*, consists of brief dispatches to the Western Powers, and a longer memorandum. Only the dispatch to England had been published at the time the Europa left. Prince Gorchakoff tells Earl Russell that it is useless to prolong discussion which merely develops and confirms their differences of opinion. As to his "responsibility," the Emperor says that he has always respected the principles of internal tional law in dealing with other States, and that he is entitled to require other Powers to respect those principles in their relations with him.

OFFICE OF THE WOMEN'S LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE,
ROOM 20 COOPER INSTITUTE,
NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1863.

The following sums of money have been received at the above office since Sept. 1:

Mrs. M. K. Betts	$ 40
Mrs. Lambden	2 00
Mrs. Griffing	75
Miss R. J. Work	25
Milford, Mass.	50
Reuben Winslow	5 50
South Walpole, Mass.	45
M. F. Peffard	1 25
Eliza Black	1 00
Benj. Perkins	50
Albion, Mich.	2 00
E. S. Fenderson	9 00
A. E. Lewis	1 00
Mrs. S. T. Smith	42
Phila. A. S. Society	5 00
Collins Gasport	14 20
S. J. May, Jr.	1 00
Mrs. J. W. Paine	1 00
Shell Rock	25
Simon Bailey	1 00
Mrs. J. Watson	25
Clarksville, Ia.	50
Pine River, Mich.	1 25
Mrs. E. P. Kendrick	5 00
Mrs. P. L. Cushing	1 00
Emily Kelly	1 00
Stevensville, Pa.	1 00
Forest City, Ill.	50
H. W. Bell	55
Oliver Hitchcock	5 00
Helen J. Grow	85
Reading League, Mich.	5 50
Miss Shepherd	1 70
Richard Centre	50
Mary E. Bowers	1 00

Besides several small sums for postage.

S. B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1, 1863.

1266	J. L. Cutler, Augusta,	Me.	2 50
1231	E. Haskell, Guilford Centre	"	1 00
1256	George H. Knowlton, Alfred,	"	2 50
1238	Amos Kimball, W. Henniker, N. H.		2 00
1230	N. Morse, South Charleston, Vt.		4 25
1232	Mrs. Mary B. Eddy, New Bedford, Mass.		2 50
1230	Dr. D. L. Ambrose, W. Newbury,	"	3 50
1264	Mrs. A. S. Lincoln, Medford,	"	2 50
1200	W. B. Brigham, Feltonville,	"	2 00
1250	Smith Gray, Walpole,	"	2 50
5230	Mrs. E. A. Kennedy, Milton,	"	3 50
1266	Miss L. A. Allan, Plymouth,	"	2 50
1277	I. N. Danforth, Boston,	"	5 00
1225	Thos. Davis, Providence, R. I.		2 50
1252	Wm. Platt, Cold Spring, Ct.		2 50
1230	C. Tompkins, Tompkins Cove,	N. Y.	3 82
1281	J. H. Crane, Ballston,	"	5 00
1232	Jas. Thine, Johnstown,	"	1 25
1249	Geo. L. Brockett, Dansville,	"	1 00
1231	Jos. Main, Galesville,	"	1 00
1230	L. H. Roberts, Brewster Station,	"	3 82
1246	Mr. S. C. D'Autremont, Angelica,	"	2 50
1226	Rev. J. A. Todd, Tarrytown,	"	2 50
1248	Rev. S. W. Hutchings, Rondout,	"	2 50
1300	Hon. Gerrit Smith, Peterboro,	"	2 50
1234	Mrs. John C. Lewis, Auburn,	"	2 50
	James Varney, Collins,	"	2 50
1232	Mrs. George Ames, Oswego,	"	2 50
1213	E. Conger, Newark,	N. J.	3 00
1223	J. L. Brotherton, Allamuchy,	"	2 00
1230	Geo. F. Arrell, New Wilmington, Pa.		2 50
1267	A. Tillottson, Thompson,	O.	2 00
1265	E. Adams, Akron,	"	2 50
1222	B. Snode, Berlin,	"	2 50
1193	Margt. Thomas, Mt. Union,	"	1 25
1252	Chas. Osen, Martinsville,	"	5 00
1244	Mrs. J. P. Angier, Toledo,	"	2 50
1248	D. Lyman, Washington, D. C.		5 00
1268	W. H. Fitch, Memphis, Tenn.		2 50
1264	Gen. J. A. Garfield, Army of the Cumberland		2 00
1246	M. Brannin, Blairstown, Iowa.		1 00
1272	C. Griswold, Silver City, Nev. Ter.		3 00
1239	N. C. Dennett, Hilton Head, S. C.		1 25

Donation.

R. Winslow, Benezett, Pa.	5 00

Advertisements.

AN EVENING SCHOOL FOR COLORED PERSONS of both sexes will be opened Tenth month 12th, 1863, in the Bethany School House, N. E. corner of 19th and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia. As more volunteer teachers will be needed than have so far offered, an invitation is extended to any (male or female) who are willing to devote one or two evenings in each week in this way towards the elevation of our colored friends, to send their names to M. Balderston, 902 Spring Garden street, or J. M. Truman, Jr., 413 Franklin, or attend at the opening of the school on the 12th inst.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER—Double Number—now ready, contains Portraits, Biographies, and Characters of CHURCH, the Artist, Gov. CURTIN of Pa., PETER THE GREAT and his Queen Catherine, with likenesses of Lucretia Borgia, Georgiana Cavendish, Isabella Albrizzi, Mrs. Gore, De Foe, etc., with articles on THE HAIR, The Training of Girls, Remarkable Marriages, Pre-existence, The Staff of Life, the American Man, Art and Artists, Our American Aborigines, Poems, What I Live For, Choosing Companions for Life by Phrenology, Wonders of Memory, Napoleon in California, Insanity, Our Territories, Psychology, The Unity of Man, Ethnology, Physiognomy, etc. Only 15 cents, by FIRST POST, or $1 50 a year. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—Two or three TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS. To steady and good workmen who understand how to work on Gas Burner Stoves, Heaters, etc., constant employment and liberal wages will be given. Application may be made to the undersigned personally or by letter. WILLIAM STILL, Stove Warehouse, 107 North 5th st., Philadelphia.

A TALK WITH MY PUPILS.—By Mrs. CHARLES SEDGWICK.—CONTENTS: Life's Preparatory Period; Daughters and Sisters; Relations with the Poor and Friendless; Relations with Servants; Manners; The Love of Nature; Travelling; Teaching, School Government; Marriage; Maternity; Parental Weakness and Folly; The Shame of Society, et al., *versus* Truth; Days of Mourning; Prejudice and Harsh Judgments; Moral Courage; Patriotism. Published and sold for the author by JOHN HOPPER, 11 Broadway. Price $1.
Copies will be mailed and postage paid upon receipt of $1.

A SPLENDID PRESENT.—Every Lady should have one of Mme. DEMOREST'S beautiful and efficient $5 Running Stitch Sewing Machines. Its marvelous simplicity and practical utility is confirmed by the award of the First Premium of the New York State Fair. Sent anywhere, and Express charges prepaid, and its safety guaranteed when the $5 00 is sent in the order. For particulars see Mme. Demorest's "Mirror of Fashions," or send for a Circular. Mme. DEMOREST'S Emporium of Fashion, 473 Broadway.

THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.—The Life and Letters of Captain John Brown, who was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1859, for an Armed Attack upon American Slavery; with Notices of some of his Confederates. [And a fine photograph likeness.] Edited by RICHARD D. WEBB. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1861.
A small fresh supply of this interesting volume, wherein the character and deeds of John Brown are set forth with great clearness and justice, has been received, and is now for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, Boston; and at this office, 48 Beekman street, New York. *Price*, One Dollar. It will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any person ordering it and sending one dollar to SAMUEL MAY, Jr., No. 221 Washington street, Boston.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MOONLIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

BY ELLEN T. RUSSELL.

Moon of the silver rays,
Soft as in other days
Your glories shine.
But now your beams inspire
Not half the rapturous fire
That once was mine.

Onward ye roll in light,
Mocking the world's weak might
By thy high reign.
Death's horrid fingers tear
Life from the young and fair,
Sages and ages wear
Their load of pain.

Changes the earth may sweep,
Causing the world to weep,
Yet from thy throne
Thou art forever seen,
With an unwavering sheen,
Smiling alone.

O'er the brilliant hall,
Where giddy footsteps fall,
Heedless of death—
Over the blood-stained field,
Whereon brave thousands yield,
Their life's last breath.

Over the poet's ken,
Far, far from the sight of men,
Moving his soul and pen
Onward to fame.
Over the lover's bower,
Oft at the still hour,
Gleaming with subtle power
Ever the same.

Moon of the face divine;
Thou from thy path sublime
Shall mark the course of time.
Down to its close.
When men shall seek their tomb,
When earth shall sink in gloom,
Down to chaotic doom,
Whence it arose.

Harrison, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1863.

INCIDENTS OF NEGRO RELIGION.

Harper's Magazine for October has another lively article on the religious life of the negro slave; and a few paragraphs respecting Uncle Phil, the most renowned of negro funeral preachers, and of the experience or covenant meetings of the negro churches, will interest our readers:

UNCLE PHIL, THE FUNERAL PREACHER.

"How did you like Phil?" would be sometimes asked by some curious neighbor. "Well, I liked him," would be the answer. "Did you learn anything?"—"No." "Did he make you cry?" "Almost." "What did he say?" "Can't tell you." "What did you cry for?" "Couldn't help it."

And there is the whole explanation. Upon every principle of critical analysis, upon every doctrine of the legitimate effect of language to an educated white man, what Phil said was wholly ridiculous. But to hear him with his broad, genial, honest face, his eyes full of mildness and suppressed tearfulness, his deep chest tones wonderfully sweet in their modulations, his expression of his own feelings, desires, and hopes in the midst of his trials upon "disterminated erf." And then his shrinking in view of "de grim summonger of def." His visions of "de pearly gates ob shinin' gold." His triumphal "alabaster robes." His gazing on "dat bressed Lamb dat died for Phil." Analytically, it was all ridiculous; but to see Phil and to hear him preach, was to rouse and stir all the tenderest depths of your nature.

I once presented Phil with a volume of "skeletons of sermons," thinking that he might derive from their use some assistance in the more orderly arranging of his thoughts. He was taken "quite aback" at the idea that sermons had such things as skeletons; and looked vague and incredulous at the idea of his ever using one. He took the book, however, very thankfully, and responded to all my explanations of its contents with, "De good Lord! master, jess to tink ob dat." The idea of a book full of "skeletons" didn't strike him as at all in his line, though he was a "funeral" preacher. He, however, said something about "readin' it wid Mary nights"; and wrapping it carefully in an immense red cotton handkerchief, carefully "toted" it home.

EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.

The result produced by "conversion," according to the universal experience of the negro slave, are as follows, and I give the language as I have heard it in substance from many hundreds at their meetings.

The usual accompaniments of the narration—the singing and other devotional exercises—having been concluded, the pastor says:

"We will now hear from these brethren and sisters what God has done for their souls. Will you begin, Johnson?"

Johnson rises and proceeds as follows:

"De odder night I was sittin' by de fire, an' I 'gin thinkin'. Arter a while I 'gin feelin' bad. I's done been to de prayer-meetin', an' I sort a 'gin feelin' bad dare; an' I was thinkin' about it when I went home, and den I 'gins to feel wusser. Well, all dat night I feels drefful. Seem like dare was a big load a pressin' me down. I feel so bad I tort I should die. All dat night I wish for de mornin'; and when de mornin' comes I got no better; an' I got wusser all de day. Well, sah, I couldn't bear dat load. I says to myself, Wat mus I do? I try everyting, an' de load still dare. Den I says I shall die for sure. Dese sins kill me. Dey press me till I dead. Well, I goes round all dat day. Brudder Sam, see me. John, see me. All de folks say, Wat's de matter? An' I couldn't tell, I feel so 'pressed. Den uncle Pete, he come see me; tell me I mus pray. Den I goes out into de field; I pray dare. Den I goes to de yard; I prays dare. Den I stops in de fence corner; an' I pray dare. An' de more I pray de wuss I feel. Dat night de blessin' come. Fust I see leetle light come shinin' down de corner ob de room. Den it gits bigger an' bigger. Den somethin' take me right up, an' hold me ober de great big pit. An' I look down an' I see de smoke and de fire. An' he shake me over dat pit, an' I jess gwine to fall in, when de Lord Jesus come right down in de room, an' he take me up, an' he leave me so happy! I feel so happy I love eberybody."

"You think you are converted?"

"Yes, master, bress de Lord! I's so lovin'! I loves eberybody—all de trees, an' de chicken, an' de peoples; I loves eberyting an' eberybody."

"Why do you wish to join the church?"

"De Bible tells us to join de church."

"Why do you wish to be baptized?"

"De Lord Jesus was baptized."

This forms the experience of the best and most intelligent among them. The peculiar imagery of the light, the fire, and the loving feelings are almost invariable. If you question the "candidate," hoping to draw him out by elucidation, or at least variation, very little result is produced beyond the repetition of the same incidents.

THE BOY WHO "WENT TO HEBBEN."

One evening I was waited upon by Harper, one of our colored deacons. He came to inform me that there had been "a great power" felt during the two weeks just past, and that as the result some twenty or thirty were ready for the experience meeting. This awakening had occurred on a neighboring plantation, and had been entirely developed through the instrumentality and under the management of the colored deacons. What Harper seemed especially anxious to communicate was to prepare my mind for the wonderful experience of two boys, brothers, and sons of a good old sister who belonged to the colored aristocracy. As to what constituted the peculiarity of Julius's experience Harper did not like to be communicative, only asserting that I would be astonished when I should hear it from Julius himself. During the next day I was visited by others of the colored church, who also spoke of Julius, of his remarkable experience, of his angelic looks, and of what seemed to be a kind of rapt utterance, carrying them almost beyond this present evil world.

Of course I was somewhat expectant when the Saturday evening came, and in arranging for the narrations, acting according to an old maxim, I thought I would reserve the best for the last. So after the others had finished I called upon Julius, fully expecting that he would electrify both myself and the colored assembly. And so he did.

The boy had a very bright, impressible-looking face, with large gazelle eyes, and an expression denoting great liveliness and emotional susceptibility. He commenced his experience after the accustomed manner, and it contained all the usual figures, the same pressure, same light, same relief. In all of which he was evidently under restraint, and was acting a part which had been taught him. Suddenly, however, having completed the formal routine experience, his whole face brightened, his eyes assumed a suffused expression, and breaking from the beaten path, he commenced:

"An' den I went to hebben."

"What!" said I.

"An' den I went to hebben."

"Stop, Julius. You mean you had a dream, and thought you went to heaven."

"No, sah; an' den I went to hebben, and dere I see de Lord Jesus *a sittin' behind de door an' a readin' his Bible.*"

Julius's experience never got beyond that heavenly scene, though he had plenty more to relate. And yet the rapt, earnest look, the expanded iris, the irrepressible vehemence of the rhapsodist, all showed a most unmistakable sincerity. Had he continued a few moments longer, a third part of the audience would have been in transports and many of them in convulsions.

PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY.

It must be admitted that, in spite of their clumsy and primitive apparatus, these German peasants are very thrifty. Their land is all as highly cultivated as a kitchen garden, and brings them in plentiful harvests. They are exceedingly careful to treasure up everything which will enrich their land. Every leaf that falls from the trees seems to be hoarded up and prepared for the purpose, and then—they are so industrious. Early and late, in rain or shine, still you see them toiling away, as if each day were the one great work-day of the year.

The women really seem to me to work hardest. They do all sorts of work that men do, and seem to accomplish more. A friend assures me that she has seen a woman harnessed into a plow with a cow, and driven by a man; and though I have never seen this myself, I have seen enough of the same drudgery performed by women to give full credit to this story.

The tenacity of small gains which the market women display is sometimes quite comical. They always ask for their things more than they expect to receive, and shout out a lower price when one turns away without buying, and will go a long distance in the rain to get change for a bill, if in this way they can save a pfenniz—one-sixth of a cent. However, their gains are so small at best, that it is not strange that the most trifling sum seems of importance to them. Wages here are pitifully small; a servant girl gets from $16 to $20 a year; a seamstress, sixteen cents, or less, a day; a man for thrashing, eight to twelve cents a day and his board. If they were not content to eat black bread without butter. and have meat but once a week, I don't know how these poor people could live.

Brain work is often not much better paid; one professor in Heidelburg University has a salary of but $200, and others are not much better compensated. A German lady quite enlisted my sympathies for some friends of hers, who had been engaged a number of years, but were still too poor to be married. The gentleman was *vicar*—the same as an English curate—and had a salary of $24 a year, but hoped in time to secure $40, and then they were to be married. It seems rather surprising that when wages are so very small every one seems to be able to drink beer, and wine, and to smoke. However, they tell us that wine can be had for six cents a pint, and cigars three for a cent; rates which in America would not be considered very ruinous.

The beer of Germany is, without question, one of its greatest curses; a peasant often spends more for beer in an evening than he can earn in a day, and the bestializing effects of drinking such enormous quantities are everywhere manifest. Drinking 20 pints at a sitting is nothing remarkable; to distinguish one's self one must take 50 or 60 at least, and on a wager men have been known to drink 110 pints in an evening. Considering what multitudes spend all their evenings in the beer-houses, it is not to be wondered at that so many poor women must not only earn the family bread by the most severe toil, but too often learn to bear patiently blows and all sorts of abuse. Could beer and vile tobacco be banished from the land thousands of miserable homes might be made comfortable and pleasant; thousands of poor, oppressed women and children well cared for. But a German without beer and a pipe—who can fancy it?

It is quite possible for an American to hasten through foreign lands in such a way as to return discontented with his own. He may long in vain to find there treasures of art and wonders of architecture, the relics of antiquity, the multitude of noble parks and fine gardens, the admirable roads, complete police system, and a multitude of other desirable things in which Europe abounds. But let him, instead of skimming off the cream of the land, look deeper down into the homes and hearts of the people, he will carry away a very different impression. German industry and thrift, German scholarship, German poetry and music, you may admire as much as you will, but German home comfort and home happiness is not to be mentioned in the same century with that of America.—*Correspondent Boston Transcript.*

"A GRATE NASHINUL ROMANCE!"

"Artemus Ward" depicts the swindling army contractors:

I.

"No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect, the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! you here again?" angrily cried the old man.

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker. "I am here—your daughter's equal, and yours!"

The old man's lip curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre-table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

"See—look on this wealth—and I have tenfold more! Listen, old man! I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the —— with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"And I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find."

"I see—I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make too."

"They do — they do! and the profits are immense!"

"I should say so."

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand."

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the face. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am!"

"Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither; your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, let us all support the government!"

Sunshine.—Seclusion from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health, and strength. One of the ablest lawyers in our country—a victim of long and hard brain labor—came to me a year ago, suffering with partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pain in the loins. He was obliged, in coming up stairs, to raise the left foot first, on every stair, dragging the right one after it. Pale, feeble, miserable, he told me he had been failing several years, and closed with, "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out." I directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sun to fall on every part of his body; at first, ten minutes a day, increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particular. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared with sparkling eyes, "I have twenty years of work in me." I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sunshine. I have so many facts illustrating the wonderful power of the sun's direct rays in curing certain classes of invalids, that I have serious thoughts of publishing a work to be denominated the "Sun-Cure."—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

A Woman Attacked by Wasps.—A few days ago, the wife of Mr. John Kenyon, Goatcliffe, near Eyam, very narrowly escaped death from the attack of a swarm of wasps. It appears that some disciples of Izaac Walton had been catering in a wasp's nest for the requisites of fishing, near the house of Kenyon, and his wife having to pass near very soon after, was surrounded by the enraged wasps. Confounded by the unexpected encounter, she fell to the ground, and would soon have been shockingly injured had not assistance arrived. The wasps had penetrated into her nostrils and ears; and under her garments, and on and about her shoulders, great numbers had found their way.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shu's out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call a "loss"; Oh, selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beech?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey passed, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the lord who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Oh, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise; death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust:

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

A Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following interesting account of the Chinese in Australia:

It may seem perhaps curious to the old English community that we should have any misgivings on such a subject; that an industrious, sober, and intelligent people like the Chinese can be other than a benefit to a young community whose principle want is labor. But then, inasmuch as we know nothing of the language of the Chinese, and only communicate with them through interpreters, and as they seem to be an easy-going sort of heathens, who bring out their little brass images of Buddha as unceremoniously as little girls air their dolls, we know little of their moral or social habits, and can only guess at their religion. It is objected to them that they are considerable liars and thieves; but then lying and theiving are practices not unknown among the superior European races. At times I have been inclined to suspect that the Chinese are much the same sort of human stuff as their critics, the difference, as usual, being almost entirely in habit and education; but, then, how much is implied in that? One thing, however, seems certain—that were the Chinese at home what some of our artists love to paint them, 350,000,000 of such people could never exist as a nation at all, could never be capable of political government, or refrain from falling upon and consuming each other like 350,000,000 of peculiarly wild beasts from the face of the earth.

"But be the Chinese what they may be, we have now some thirty thousand of them among us," continue our objectors, "and we have something else to do than to be educating and reëducating these people, and therefore the shortest and the simplest way is to shut them out." To this it is frequently answered, "that it is wonderful how quickly a Chinaman unlearns his own habits and acquires ours," and this, or rather the latter part of this assertion, for what it is worth, is very true. They easily adapt themselves to new circumstances, and are hampered by few prejudices. More enthusiastic converts from their rice and rats, and such small deer, to beef and mutton and bacon and fowls, cannot be. They are as open to conviction upon more important matters. Not unfrequently they intermarry with our own countrywomen, and I have several times known very pretty girls accept Chinese husbands. On every occasion of this kind, to avoid the scandal of the girl marrying a heathen, the intended bridegroom is hustled into baptism, and then triumphed over as a convert to Christianity. He never even attempts to show cause against this kind of rule, as it pleases the lady's friends and causes him not the slightest inconvenience. He afterward becomes the most obedient of husbands to his (literally) better half.

Our Chinese are large brained, well grown, active, and acute. They are good gardeners, bricklayers, blacksmiths, fishermen, shepherds, etc. They are fond of the coaching business, and many of them become accomplished whips behind a "four-in-hand." As diggers they are stolid, persevering workers, and frequently they make a good living and save money by working ground which has been abandoned by Europeans. There are in their character some seeming contradictions, which would probably disappear could we become better acquainted with them. Thus, although they are passionately addicted to games of chance, their imaginations are less affected than those of our own people by reports of "new rushes." From the manner in which they run away from their dying they seem to have a peculiar horror of death, and yet suicides are very common among them, and almost always by hanging.

A Dissenter's Deputation to George IV.—I was one of the ministers of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Independent, who proceeded to Carlton Place, Pall Mall, with an address of congratulation to the Prince-regent on his accession to the throne as George the Fourth. We were a motley group, of various dimensions, dresses, and appearance. We advanced in a somewhat confused manner through a long room, with noblemen in waiting on each side, like statues, to the King, who was seated on a low throne at the further end. He was lusty, pappy, and pale, in a kind of uniform, and a cocked hat, which on our approach, he took off with inimitable gracefulness. Dr. Rees, our senior, a Presbyterian and a fine-looking man, read the address. The King's air of supineness had given way to a mirthful smile, as he saw the satisfaction on our countenances, when we were admitted to the royal presence. At the close of the address he read a brief reply, and then unexpectedly addressed us *impromptu* in these words: The manner in which you have spoken of my late revered father must touch every heart, and none more than my own (laying his hand upon his breast). You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, of a continuance, while I sway the sceptre, of all the privileges you enjoyed under his auspicious reign." To this we had almost audibly said, "Hear, hear." When the King was informed that we waived the usual privilege of all kissing hands on account of the fatigue it would occasion him, and that as twelve only of the clergy had been permitted to do so, six only of our number would be selected for the honor, he smilingly observed, "Oh, you may all kiss hands." Upon this we all fell in a most humiliating posture upon our knees to kiss his extended hand. Some of those who were large and aged men, especially Dr. Rees and Waugh, had great difficulty in rising, and retired backward in some confusion, not being accustomed to such a movement. As we retired, the King said to us, "You may stay in the adjoining room till I return." While waiting there, we saw a small deputation of Quakers advancing with an address, which one of their number held before him in a frame. One of the pages coming toward them to take off their hats, Dr. Waugh, who loved a joke, said to the foremost Quaker in an audible whisper, "Persecution, brother"; to which the brother significantly replied "Not so bad to take off the hat as the head." We saw the King again as he returned in procession, and we departed well pleased. I believe we were all remarkably loyal in our prayers next Sunday.—*Rev. Dr. Leifchild's Autobiography.*

A Graceful Compliment to a Wife.—The following neat and beautiful reply was made by Daniel O'Connell, in response to a toast given in compliment to his wife, who was the object of his long and affectionate attachment. It was given at a political meeting. The English language could furnish nothing more touchingly tender and graceful:

"There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but they cannot be possibly described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my youth; who was the ever cheerful companion of my manly years; and who is the sweetest solace of that 'sear and yellow leaf' age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you; and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all that man cannot battle and struggle with the malignant enemies, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable—unless the honey of human life is commended by a hand that he loves.'"

EMANCIPATION IN SURINAM.

About a year ago the States General of Holland passed a law emancipating the slaves of Surinam, which went into effect on the 13th of July last.

The slaves of the colony formed a large majority of the population, numbering about 45,000 persons, in an aggregate population of 61,000. More than one half the negroes belong to the Moravian Church, the missionaries of which publish in the papers of their denomination some interesting information on this important event, and especially on the spirit in which the slaves received the news of their approaching liberty.

The Rev. Mr. Jansa, one of the oldest and most experienced missionaries of the colony, says:

"The intelligence of the speedy emancipation of the negroes, naturally awakens in me who have been so long in this colony, most heartfelt joy. Having been requested by several planters to make known to their slaves the proclamation of the Governor and the emancipation law, I did so. They assembled, neatly dressed, in the church, and I tried to explain everything to them, getting them to repeat aloud all that I said, so that there might be no misunderstanding. The joy and praise of the poor negroes were touching. They had previously heard, but refused to believe, the news, saying, 'The whites have deceived us so often!' But now that I made known the truth, and told them, 'It is really so, our Savior has influenced the King and his counsellors to set you free on the first of July, 1863'—they doubted no longer. Big tears of joy rolled down their black cheeks, and with jubilee joy they exclaimed: 'Our dear teacher tells us; we believe it—we shall be free! What our mothers heard of ere we were born, that is now come to pass that we will see! Thanks, thanks unto God!'"

After Mr. Jansa had proclaimed the coming emancipation on a number of plantations, fifteen of the native assistants of the missionaries went to the citizen captain (chief magistrate of the district) and begged him to thank the Governor and the King in the name of all the plantations of this district; they added that so long as they should continue to be slaves, they would show themselves diligent and obedient, and would endeavor to prove that the liberty promised them should not be abused; and that when they were free they would earn their bread and support their families faithfully; finally, they asked permission to send their children at once to school.

MULTIPLYING MEN'S MOUTHS.

Now the mind of man has a hundred branches where a tree has one; and the moment you begin to educate man he expands, and his boughs seek the north, the south, the east, and the west, and he grows toward the heavens and spreads under the ground, and eats up the soil, and consumes the air and sunlight. Man, in a rude, uncultured state, wants but very little in this world. He wants to eat and drink and sleep, and that is all. But the moment he begins to be touched with celestial fire he begins to need to think; and thinking is expensive. He begins to have taste; and the food that satisfies taste is expensive. He begins to have social affections; and they demand for their gratification things that are expensive. And if you take a slave and educate him, the more you educate him the more mouths he has. He not only has a physical mouth, but he has a dozen moral-sentiment mouths, a dozen affectional mouths, and a dozen intellectual mouths. And if a master's slaves were educated, and he had to provide food for all their mouths, he could take care of but three or four. That is the reason why you cannot educate slaves and keep them in bondage; for although when educated they may submit to bondage, it will be under conditions that will bankrupt the owner. And if the South will not have her slaves educated she will not have their neighbors, the poor whites, educated; for any system that would educate the poor common whites would educate the poor common blacks. More or less the spirit of intelligence would extend to both classes if it were brought to one.

Can you heat a box-stove so that it shall warm all that are on this side of the room, and not warm those who are on that side of the room? Can you teach white children in schools, and not to a greater or less degree have the knowledge which you impart to them communicated to the black children with whom they play and associate? Education for the degraded whites will be more or less education for the slaves. It is not because the education of slaves makes them untractable and indocile that their masters are unwilling that they should be educated. It makes them more tractable and more docile. It makes them easier to be managed. But it makes them more expensive. And there is where the burden galls. There is where slavery will break down, unless the slaves are kept ignorant. It costs but little to support ignorance, while of education the reverse is true.

Where you cannot have free ideas you cannot have republicanism. You cannot have republicanism among an unreading and unthinking people. And as long as the ignorance of the South continues there will be guns loaded ready to be discharged at our institutions, and rebellions will be as common as cotton itself in the Southern States.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

An Eccentric Physician.—A friend relates for *The Agriculturist*, the following anecdote of a skillful physician, Dr. M——, who is still practicing in Rhode Island. He had a way of doing things all his own, and no one could tell beforehand "where he would come out." On one occasion he was called to perform a very important surgical operation on a young man living in the country. Arriving there, he found collected a large number of neighboring farmers and others, who had come from curiosity to witness the operation. He observed that the house was scantily furnished, and other evidences of the poverty of the family were apparent, and he inquired whether the mother, a widow, was ready to pay the fifty dollars which he should charge. She replied that she could not, at present, but would do so as soon as possible. The doctor immediately informed the by-standers, that he would do nothing until the money was paid, and asked them if they could not make up the amount. This was soon done, but not without many condemnations of the hard-hearted doctor, who, however, paid no attention to the remarks, but immediately went on with his work, which he performed successfully. As soon as it was over he stepped up to the mother, and remarking "the boy will need some things before he gets well," slipped the fifty dollars into her hand, and was off before he could hear her thanks, or the loud praises of those who had just been denouncing him as a grasping miser.

How to sweep a Carpet.—Take a common wash-tub, or some vessel large enough to admit a broom freely, and put in clean cold water to the depth of a foot or more. Then take a broom (one partly worn so as to be a little stiff is the best), dip it in six inches or so and hold it over the tub, or go out doors and knock of all the drops of water. This can be done most effectually by holding it in one hand and rapping it with the other on the broom corn above where it is wet. Commence brushing lightly at first, going over with it the second time, or more, and if your carpet is very dusty do not sweep more than a square yard or two before dipping your broom into the water again; this will rinse off all the particles of dust adhering to the broom. Rap off the drops of water as before, and begin again, continuing to do so till the whole is cleaned. Should the water get very dirty before completing the room it can be changed. One who has never tried the experiment, will probably be surprised at the quantity of dirt which will be washed from the broom into the water. A carpet can be cleaned more effectually in this way than it can possibly be done with a dry broom, as the particles of dust adhere to the broom instead of rising to fall back on the carpet. There is no danger of injuring even a fancy carpet if the drops of water are thoroughly removed from the broom. Let no one try who has not time and patience.

The Story of two Bullets.—The Vicksburg correspondent of the Missouri *Republican*, narrates the following singular incident: "At the headquarters of Colonel Slack's brigade I lately saw two Minie bullets, one of which was a rebel bullet of English manufacture, smuggled over by our dear brethren in Britain to shoot their dear brethren in America. The other was a national ball, of the Springfield rifle type. The former was fired from a rifle-pit at Jackson, at our skirmishers. The latter was fired from our line of skirmishers at the rifle-pit. They met midway in the air, were welded by the compact, and fell harmless to the ground. They are now firm friends, sticking each to the other, closer than a brother or a lover."

Judgment of Solomon.—In the justice's court in New Orleans the judge was in a quandary the other day. A coat was in dispute; the parties were Irish, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants. After much wrangling, Patrick Power, one of the parties, proposed that he and his opponent, Timothy Maguire, should see whose name was on the coat. Timothy searched in vain, and the coat was handed to Pat, who immediately took his knife, opened a corner of the collar of the coat, and out dropped two small peas. "There, d'ye see that now?" "Yes; but what of that?" said Timothy. "A dale it has to do wid it; it is my name, to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power!" He got the coat.

FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN.

One day, while walking from Montague toward Chollet, I saw a tall and considerable building, white and fresh, at a few hundred yards from the roadside. I turned off by a bye-road to it. I came to the grille and gateway entrance to a French chateau. The building was new; the grounds were old. There was the ancient gate, and the long line of offices on either side of the grass plot within. Beyond was the moat, and the bridge, and the ivy-covered remnant of what once had been the chateau. This was represented by a few walls. A large lake lay beyond, still and glassy in the September sun. I hesitated at the gateway, but a man coming out of one of the offices invited me in. There was no one there, he said; the house was not finished. A little way farther off on the bank were five or six women on their knees, on the usual board, washing clothes.

Somehow French peasant women are not often good-looking. But there was, fortunately, one exception in this case—one was pretty. She was younger than the others, and decidedly pretty. How certainly she knew that she was the pretty one of the party! When all the plainer ones had ceased laughing, she had not. When all the others went on with their work, not caring much for the stranger on the grass, she threw back her head with her gay cap, and laughed out merrily, and then said something to her neighbor while looking toward the spy-glass. How well she knew I was looking only at her. There is certainly an instinct in these matters. This young peasant woman knew that she possessed something more than any of her companions, and that something more was, of course, of value, and her instinct told her that I should estimate that, her pretty face, at more than the plain ones of the others—that is, if I were not a fool. Until she could know that I was a fool, she naturally would give a stranger, with a spy-glass, credit for some discrimination, particularly as her instinct told her I ought to be looking at her.

After all, there are worse things happen to a man upon a solitary excursion than to lie for an hour on soft grass on an island on the bank of a lake, where the big fish jumped occasionally, with ivy-covered ruins just behind him, and a pretty chateau in his front, and to bask in a September sun, and eat walnuts which somebody by the merest good fortune has left there, forgotten, on the grass; and now and then take up his glass, lazily, from the turf and turn it on a pretty face, not too far off, and by that simple action make it smile and look pleased.

A LEADER OF FASHION.

I was then taken to the celebrated Lord Petersham's apartments, where we found his lordship, one of the chief dandies of the day, employed in making a particular sort of blacking, which he said would eventually supersede every other. The room into which we were ushered was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room; all round the walls were shelves, upon which were placed tea-canisters, containing Congou, Pekoe, Souchong, Bohea, gunpowder, Russian, and many other teas, all the best of the kind; on the other side of the room were beautiful jars, with names, in gilt letters, of innumerable kinds of snuff, and all the necessary apparatus for moistening and mixing. Lord Petersham's mixture is still well known to all tobacconists. Other shelves and many of the tables were covered with a great number of magnificent snuff-boxes; for Lord Petersham had, perhaps, the finest collection in England, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. I heard him, on the occasion of a delightful old light-blue Sevres box he was using being admired, say, in his lisping way: "Yes, it is a nice Summer box, but would not do for Winter wear." In this museum there were also innumerable canes of very great value. The Viscount was likewise a great Mæcenas among the tailors, and a particular kind of great coat, when I was a young man, was called a Petersham. In person, Lord Petersham was tall and handsome, and possessed a particularly winning smile. He very much resembled the picture of Henry the Fourth of France, and frequently wore a dress not unlike that of the celebrated French monarch. His carriages were unique of their kind; they were entirely brown, with brown horses and harness. The groom, a tall youth, was dressed in a long brown coat reaching to his heels, and a glazed hat with a large cockade. It is said that Lord Petersham's devotion to brown was caused by his having been very desperately in love with a very beautiful widow bearing that name. In addition to his other eccentricities, Lord Petersham never ventured out of doors till 6 p.m. His manners were decidedly affected, and he spoke with a kind of lisp; but in spite of his little foibles, Lord Petersham was a thorough gentleman, and was beloved by all who knew him.—*Gronow.*

A Nation of Pigmies.—In the Bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but, to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are amongst the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well proportioned and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave the hair off their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, covering their persons toward nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk: and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—turtles, oysters, and fish.

Whittling, a Useful Invention.—In reading, recently, a detailed statement of the capture of Fort Pulaski by our troops, on the 11th of April, 1862, we learned that *whittling* was turned to good account. Late at night (the engagement was to begin early next morning) Lieut. Porter visited all our batteries to see that everything was ready for the opening of the great drama. Many little items were found to be needed, and were promptly provided. At the ten-inch mortar battery, fuse plugs were still wanting, and there were none to be had. The ordnance officer had brought up a supply, but they were prepared for another piece, and were of no use. Here, then, were four pieces, in the most advanced position, which would be useless—and fire was to be opened at daylight. The officer was in despair, until a happy thought struck him — there was a Yankee regiment on the island—all Yankees are whittlers—and if that regiment could be turned out at once, and set to *work* at their favorite *pastime*, they could whittle out a supply of plugs before daylight. Porter immediately put spurs to his horse, and made furiously to camp. "The Sixth Connecticut was ordered out to whittle, and did whittle to advantage, providing all the plugs that were used in the battery Totten on the two succeeding days"—until Pulaski pulled down the rebel flag, and passed again under the shadow of the stars and stripes.

God seen in All.—He that furnished the earth and gave being by the word of his mouth to all things, hath still the sole, absolute power of them. They obey the word of his command, and rightly looked upon in our use of them, and the sweetness we find in them lead up to him as the spring of being and goodness. He is invisible in his nature; in his works, most visible and most legible. Not only the spacious heavens, and glorious lights in them, but the meanest things on earth, every plant and flower, in their being and growing, yea, every blade of grass, declare God to us. And it is supernatural delight in natural things, to see and taste him in them. It is more pleasant than their natural relish; it is the chief inner sweetness, the kernel and marrow of all; and they that take not the pains and have not the skill to draw it forth, lose the far better half of their enjoyments, even of the things of the earth. To think how wise he is that devised such a frame, how powerful that made all these things, how rich must he be that still continued to furnish the earth with these varieties of provisions, how sweet must he be whence all these things draw their sweetness.—*Leighton.*

The World's End.—During the last two or three centuries, upward of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the Northern hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appeared at first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly of an ashy pale color. La Place supposed that it was burnt up, as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! A whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets, with their plains, mountains, forests, villages, cities, and inhabitants, all in flames consumed; and we have a presumptive proof of the truth and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in a very old book—"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the world also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

Courting in Church.—A young gentleman, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

Treasure in Heaven.—We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection: "How many things there are here that I do not want?" Now this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called good things. It has posts of honor or power to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual conceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is better. My treasure is in heaven."—*Dr. Tyng.*

A Lawyer's Caveat.—William H. Harding, a lawyer of Lee, Mass., had the misfortune recently of having his marriage published in the Berkshire *Eagle.* To this he, lawyer like, takes exceptions. In a caveat to the editor, he says:

"The report of my marriage, which I find in your issue of the 27th inst., is not quite correct: First, on the 20th of July, 1863, I kept close company with my law books; second, I was never in Lebanon Springs in my life; third, I never, to my knowledge, saw or heard of the Rev. E. T. Hunt; fourth, the young lady mentioned as the bride is the wife of my brother; and fifth, I never was married at all—I never came within gunshot of marriage—I never wanted to get married—and finally, I never expect to get married. With the above exceptions, your item is correct."

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